



# LITERARY *cavalcade*

TEACHER EDITION • DECEMBER 1954 • VOL. 7, NO. 3

Lesson Plans

Topics for Discussion

Activities

Vocabulary

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## Teaching Suggestions for This Issue

### Champion Stock (p. 3)

This moving short-short story was written especially for *Literary Cavalcade* by writer Bud Murphy. It is a story about a ranch boy and the love of horses which he inherited from his father—but more particularly, it is a Christmas story, emphasizing the spirit of giving which ought to be associated with the Christmas season.

#### Activities

1. Ralph Waldo Emerson once said, "The only gift is a portion of thyself." Write a paragraph or two, explaining what you think Emerson meant by this comment, and stating whether you think that Pa, in this story, fulfilled Emerson's requirements for the perfect gift.

2. Read O. Henry's short story, "The Gift of the Magi," and compare it with "Champion Stock." In what respects are these stories similar? What differences are there between them? Which did you enjoy the more, and why?

3. The title of the story "Champion Stock" refers specifically to the small black colt. Write a paragraph explaining whether you think the author meant this title to have a wider meaning for you after you had read the story. What is the wider meaning implied?

### Humor: Guide for Baby Sitters (p. 6)

Dennis the Menace, Hank Ketcham's redoubtable comic strip child, makes his own inimitable suggestions to baby-sitters in this humorous selection from the recent book of the same title.

Students who baby-sit might enjoy writing a letter in reply to Dennis, or writing up an account of some similar "monster child" they have "sat with."

### A Boy's Christmas in Wales (p. 14)

It is now over a year since Dylan Thomas' sudden death in New York on November 9, 1953. At 39 this Welsh poet was generally acknowledged as one of the foremost lyricists of our time. He had become widely known not only because of his rich, original verses, but also because of his own moving readings of these verses in numerous public appearances, radio programs, and recordings. (His long-playing recording of "A Child's Christmas in Wales" is available on a long-playing record with the Caedman label.)

"A Boy's Christmas in Wales" reveals Dylan Thomas as a master of prose as well as of poetry. Yet the poet remains dominant, even in this essay. The rhythm and imagery we find here is that of the poet, and this selection

should be read for sound and sensation as well as for meaning.

We believe that students will derive particular profit from this essay if it is read aloud—with frequent pauses to savor the tang of metaphor, the rising and falling cadences of the prose.

#### Suggested Procedure for Reading

1. Introduce the essay to the students, providing them with the following orientation: Have you ever found, in looking back on the past, that certain pictures, sounds, or even smells stand out in your mind? Do you find sometimes that your memories of your childhood tend to blend together—so that while you remember certain impressions and incidents, the actual sequence of time becomes rather blurred? In this essay, Dylan Thomas looks back on his own childhood (in Swansea,

### Three TV Christmas Offerings to Watch For

#### "A Child Is Born"

Stephen Vincent Benet's radio poem, written at the beginning of World War II, eloquently retells the Christmas story. The Kraft-TV Theatre will produce "A Child Is Born" on RCA-TV, December 23, 9:30 p.m. E.S.T.

#### "Amahl and the Night Visitors"

Gian-Carlo Menotti's musical drama is on its way to becoming a beloved Christmas tradition on TV. The Hallmark Hall of Fame will present "Amahl and the Night Visitors" over RCA-TV on December 19, 5:00 p.m. E.S.T.

#### "A Christmas Carol"

What's Christmas without Scrooge?—CBS-TV, December 23, 8:30-9:30 p.m. E.S.T.

Wales) and finds this to be true. Memories of Christmas in Wales come rushing back to him, but all seem to flow together, so that it is as if all the Christ-mases he ever knew were one.

There are three sets of voices in Thomas' reverie. One is the voice of a small boy—probably Thomas' own son. The second is Thomas' own voice, speaking to the boy. The third set of voices are the remembered voices from the past, such as the voices of Thomas' boyhood friends, Jim and Dan Jack. As you read the essay, watch and listen to hear when these separate voices enter in.

2. Read the essay yourself, appointing three students to read the quotations.

Quotations should be divided as follows:

a. Thomas speaking: "But that was not the same snow," I say. "Our snow . . . white, torn Christmas cards." "With sprinkling eyes . . . bells." "I mean . . . inside them." "There were church bells, too." "No, no, no . . . knuckles." "And then . . . wanting to go out." "And then the Presents . . . he was gone." "There were the Useful Presents . . . except why." "Bags of moist . . . under the balloons." "There were always Uncles . . . faded cups and saucers."

b. Boy speaking: "It snowed last year, too . . . then we had tea." "Were there postmen then, too?" "You mean that . . . the doors rang?" "I only hear thunder sometimes, never bells." "Inside them?" "Get back to the postmen." "Ours has got a black knock-er. . . ." "And then the Presents?" "Get back to the Presents." "Go on to

the Useless Presents." "Were there Uncles, like in our house?"

c. Voices from the past: "I bet people'll think . . . hippos." "What would you do . . . street?" "I'd go like this . . . wag his tail." "What . . . if you saw two hippos?" "Let's . . . letter box." "Let's . . . in the snow." "Let's . . . lawn." "Can the fishes . . . snowing?" "What shall . . . Herald?" "No . . . three." "Perhaps . . . ghost." "Perhaps . . . trolls." "Let's go in and see if there's any jelly left."

Ask students to notice, as the different voices come in, what purpose each serves. Thomas' voice is the voice of memory, caressing each remembered sensation. The boy's voice is the voice of youth; time past has no real meaning—only time present counts. The boy must relate his father's past to his own present, seizing upon the details that are familiar, relating memories to his own immediate experience. The voices from the past are the voices of the eternal spirit of childhood—that spirit which feasts imaginatively on folklore and fairy tales (note the references to trolls, ghosts), that ponders briefly upon vast problems (what to do about attacking hippos, whether fishes can see), and that returns with equal ease to the real world ("Let's go in and see if there's any jelly left").

3. List the following definitions on the board to help students with unfamiliar references:

fishmonger—seller of fish  
tram—trolley  
catapult—slingshot  
Leonardo—Leonardo da Vinci, the famous Italian Renaissance painter

trolls—mythical monsters supposed to inhabit caves and hills

4. During the reading, point out the effectiveness of the following figures of speech:

Column One: The sea is memory, from which the writer fishes out his recollections.

Column Two: The bells—both the real bells of the town and the imagined sound of bells in the children's minds. "Still the dazzling sky-blue sheep are grazing . . ."—that is, the writer can still see the improbably colored pictures he painted as a child.

Column Three: "Two hale young men . . . walk into the waves . . ."—not really, but as their figures vanish over the horizon, they seem to walk into the waves.

5. After the reading, ask students to comment upon words and figures of speech which they found especially vivid and suggestive. Particular attention should be drawn to Thomas' use of compound words: two-tongued sea (the incoming wave has a tongue, the receding wave has a tongue); harp-shaped hills (clear picture of shape of hills, also association with fact that Wales is known as a land of music); duchess-faced horse (humorous suggestion of boy's idea of duchesses); wind-cherried noses; bat-black belfries, etc.

Also ask students to comment on the associations that the following italicized words suggest: "Our snow . . . came *shauling* out of the ground"; "the *bandaged* town"; "*mustached* and rasping vests"; "Men and women . . . *scooping* back from the chapel"; "the *shaving* of a moon"; "a small, dry *eggshell* voice."

6. Students may enjoy preparing this essay for an assembly or radio program. Ask them to suggest what music might be appropriate to such an oral rendition of the essay.

### Film Preview (p. 10)

Walt Disney now brings Jules Verne's masterpiece of fantastic fiction to the screen, starring actors James Mason, Peter Lorre, and Kirk Douglas. Students have no doubt seen articles in *Life* and *Look* on the dramatic underwater filming of much of the picture. The preview on pp. 10-13 of this issue includes stills from the forthcoming film and a dramatic excerpt from the novel.

### Activities

1. Ask students familiar with the novel to report on it, and to mention some of the details which were con-



Larry Harris in the Cosmopolitan magazine

"The Christmas play's been changed, Mommy. I'm a dandelion instead of an angel."



# L I T E R A R Y *Cavalcade*

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IT'S NEW SNOW! Prize-winning photograph by Reid Rowland

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## ON OUR COVER



"Virgin Snow," the photograph on our cover,  
was snapped by Reid Rowland. It took a prize  
in one of the annual contests of Photography  
Magazine.

# LITERARY Cavalcade

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I GUESS being raised on a ranch a fellow comes by his love for horses naturally. That, and having a Pa like mine who used to be one of the top bronc busters in the country. He was a champion, all right, and he used to tell me stories about rough horses he had ridden from Canada to Mexico, and how he won that pair of solid gold spurs at the Cheyenne rodeo before I was born.

That was the story I always liked best, about the gold spurs, I mean, because after the story he would always pull his big watch out and show me the spurs fastened on the chain. They were big as gold nuggets, caught together by a little gold chain between the rowels. Of course, there was a trick to his pulling out his watch at the end of the story, because he'd always remind me the watch showed it was my bed time.

As long as I can remember I have wanted to be a top rider like my Pa. But in my seventeen years on the ranch I had never had a horse of my own. About all the riding I got to do was on the old sorrel mare Pa and I took turns riding when we had work to do up in the hills above the ranch cup, and on Saturdays when I worked over at the Kingman place.

"Some day," Pa always said, "you'll have a horse, Billy boy. When we kind of git caught up on things an' I c'n afford it."

But there never did seem to be money for me to have a horse like other kids who lived on ranches in that part of southern Arizona.

Ours was a small ranch, as ranches go, just a few miles out of Patagonia, the nearest town, and until I got big enough to help him, Pa did the working of it himself. Ma ran a few chickens along with her housework and we always managed to have enough food, though our clothes were nothing to brag about. And the one pair of boots I owned had to do me for school, church and chores. They were so thin I finally got a new pair last Christmas. I remember it was Christmas because every year Pa had been promising me a horse for Christmas and every year there would be something else, just like last year it was the boots.

I really never did figure to have a horse of my own till I could earn enough money somehow to buy one. That was why I had been spending a lot of time working Saturdays over at



The colt was champion stock—and so  
was the boy who longed for him

This Christmas story was written by Bud Murphy for Literary Cavalcade

the Kingman ranch which adjoined ours on the east. Old man Kingman had been a good friend of my Pa's for a long time and it was really Pa who got me the job.

"Course he ain't got no more sense'n a mule," Pa told Mr. Kingman. "But he's strong an' he'll do what you tell him."

Mr. Kingman was a big bull of a man with a forehead like a barn door and a slow grin that made folks like him right off when they met him. He had done well, too, from the way Pa talked.

"Trouble is, I should 'a' done like him," Pa used to say. "He settled down an' got started early raisin' beef an' buyin' up land fast as he c'd afford it. Me, I spent too much dad-blamed time chasin' rodeos, driftin' from one ranch t' another. Always workin' for somebody else an' never savin' a dime."

Mr. Kingman ran upwards of a thousand head on his place with four cowboys and me to do the work. Not that I could do much, just working Saturdays, but he paid me two dollars every week for my trouble and I saved all of it. I figured if it took a couple of years or more, I would be willing to work it out in order to buy a colt he had that was just about the prettiest little foal I ever did see.

"He's a Morgan," I told Ma, that first day I had seen the colt over at the Kingman place. "Thoroughbred, I b'lieve, except he's pretty big-boned for a thoroughbred."

Ma had looked at me in that sad way of hers when the family needed things we couldn't afford. "I know, Billy," she said, "but we could never buy one of Mr. Kingman's horses. He raises 'em for a hobby an' they're all expensive."

"Doesn't matter," I told her. "I'm going to buy him with my own money. I've been saving right along and I've got sixteen dollars already."

She just shook her head and said sixteen dollars was probably a long ways from what that foal would cost. So I took it up with Pa that evening.

"Y'mean that little black he's got over there?" Pa asked. I nodded. "May's well ferget about buyin' that hoss," he advised. "Y'got a good eye fer hosses, though, I will say that. Trouble is, y' set yer stakes too high."

"I don't care what he costs," I declared recklessly. "I'll keep savin' till I can buy him. Maybe somehow I can make some money next summer, too."

Pa's leathery old face clouded with worry. "Trouble is, I need y' here durin' th' summer, boy. 'Bout all I c'n do t' spare y' on Sat'rd'ys."

I knew that was true and it was not any fault of his, so I said no more about

the colt. Pa said no more either, except that he knew the way I felt, that I wanted a horse in the worst way and he would still try to get one for me come Christmas.

For the next few weeks I felt pretty glum until I gradually got over the notion of buying the Kingman horse. I reckoned I would keep on saving my money and maybe sometime I would find a colt like him that I could afford to buy. However, it did not keep me from hanging around the corral when I would finish my work at Kingman's, just watching the little rascal grow up. When I would come in from hauling fence or doctoring calves I would pick up a handful of oats and perch on the top rail of the corral, then coax at him. He was the worst one to get spooked by anything in the corral, and how he would jump when he was startled. Sometimes the wind would whisk a tumbleweed at him and he would light out like a dustdevil on the rampage, kicking and snorting. He did not have



a name yet, so I started calling him Sox. That was because his ankles were white.

Sometimes when I was trying to make friends with the little horse, Mr. Kingman would stop around at the corral and I guess he noticed I was plenty interested in that foal.

"Sure a mighty fine horse," I told him.

"He ought 'a be," Mr. Kingman said. "Champion quarterhorse stock, you know."

Mr. Kingman was proud of his horses, just as he was proud of everything else he had. Not that he was the kind to brag about things, but it showed in the way he talked about his house, his car, and his stock.

"What're you goin' to do with him?" I asked. "Sell him?"

"Probably, one of these days."

I swallowed, wondering when that would be. I hoped it would not be for a couple of years, because perhaps by then I could save enough to buy him.

"Like to get your dad to break him

for me," Mr. Kingman observed, looking over the little horse again.

"Pa's getting pretty old for that any more," I reminded him. Pa was in his sixties and just about every bone in his body had been broken at one time or another. He was not in any shape to ride out a rough horse any more in the way he used to. "Maybe I could break him for you."

Mr. Kingman looked at me in a way that was not encouraging. "I don't know. We'll have to see. There just isn't anybody, any more, who can ride the kinks out of a bronc as your dad used to."

Right then I remembered a few of the stories Pa had told me about his younger days. "Did you know about the time he won the gold spurs?" I asked.

"Know about it?" Mr. Kingman laughed. "I was there, waiting for my turn to ride. Your dad drew a big, ornery buckskin horse and I told him he was crazier 'n a loco longhorn to get in the chute, let alone ride him. I never did see such a horse. Must have weighed thirteen hundred pounds."

"That's what Pa says," I agreed, "Thirteen hundred!"

"He darn near killed your dad," Mr. Kingman said softly.

"But Pa stayed on for the full ten seconds, raked him and whipped him and gave him a whale of a ride!"

"I'll say he did. And he wouldn't have been hurt, either, if the cinch hadn't let go. That horse just swelled up and snapped it."

It had been a bad accident from what Ma told me. Pa had been in the hospital at Cheyenne for weeks afterwards and his back never did quite get healed. Ma used to tell me that part of the story when I would talk about breaking horses.

Along about Christmastime school let out for two weeks vacation and I got a full-time job on the mail truck, helping to deliver packages out of Patagonia. I did not work for Kingman during that time at all and I missed seeing the little black colt. But I figured I could add to my savings considerably by working through the holidays and still have enough money to buy some kind of present for Ma and Pa.

When I got my check, the day before Christmas, it was for nineteen dollars and seventy-two cents. That evening we all went in to Tucson to do our Christmas shopping. I got Pa some soft brown bedroom slippers for two dollars and almost ran into him at a little jewelry store where I was headed, looking for something to buy Ma.

"Where you goin'?" Pa asked, startled.

"Thought I'd find somethin' for Ma

in here," I told him, and pointed at the window full of gadgets.

He fell in step with me, directing me away from the jewelry store and up the street toward a dress shop. "Ma wants a new dress awful bad," he said. "But they're a lot o' money. Want t' go in with me an' git her one?"

It sounded like a good idea until we got to looking at the dresses. The only one that would fit Ma that looked like anything was over twenty dollars. Pa was about to settle on another one that was cheaper when I offered to pay half on the one we wanted if he would buy it. We did that and I just shut my eyes, trying to forget about saving for a horse. Somehow, after we left the dress shop, though, I felt awfully good inside.

We were sitting around the Christmas tree that night when Ma opened the big box and took out the dress. All she did was make a little gasping sound

and her eyes filled up as though she was going to break right out crying.

"It's beautiful," she said. "Oh, isn't it beautiful?" And she held it up in front of her while she looked in the mirror.

Pa unwrapped his bedroom slippers and put them on as though he was going to wear them for the rest of his life.

"Fit fine," he said. "They're just dandy." Then he took them off and pulled his boots back on.

"Your present's over there on the tree, Billy," said Ma.

The two of them waited while I hunted through the tree for a white package, so little I could hold it in one hand. It did not weigh an ounce. I opened it and inside was a piece of paper tied to the end of a string.

"Follow the string," it said.

I followed the string, which led out the back door, across the yard and into

the feed barn. Ma and Pa were walking behind me, all of us bundled up in jackets because the frost had already settled and the night was cold. When I opened the door of the feed barn, Pa held up the lantern, and I stood there trying to believe what I saw. In the manger, up to his hocks in straw, was the little black colt, looking at me just the way he had so many times over in Kingman's corral.

"Is he mine?" I blubbered.

Pa nodded and I hugged him and Ma together, wondering how they ever got enough money to buy him. Then somewhere far off, the church bells were ringing midnight and Pa took out his watch to check time.

"Merry Christmas," he said. Ma said "Merry Christmas" too, but I could not say anything. I was looking at Pa's watch. And the solid gold spurs were gone.



## Letter Box

*What is your opinion? You write it; we'll print it. Address your letters to "Letter Box," Literary Cavalcade, 33 W. 42nd St., New York, 36, N. Y.*

### Bearded Ladies?

Dear Editor:

According to Shakespeare, the three witches in *Macbeth* are supposed to have beards. In your picture of the witches (November issue), I missed the beards!

Don Smith  
Rudyard (Mont.) H. S.

(You're right, Don, there's no doubt about it. In *Macbeth*, Banquo says to the witches, "You should be women,/And yet your beards forbid me to interpret/That you are so." The witches we pictured were from the Maurice Evans-Judith Anderson stage production in 1942, and we have no idea who robbed them of their beards.—The Editors)

### Red Faced

Dear Editor:

Our English class has unanimously decided the crossword puzzle in the November issue contains a grammatical

error. The correct word for number 19 down should, we think, be *sit* instead of *set*. Don't you agree that *set* is transitive and *sit* intransitive?

Thank you for any information you can give us—and three cheers for a wonderful magazine!

Shirley Blochowitz  
Julesburg, Col.

(To Shirley, to her class, and to the dozens of other readers who spotted our error with justifiable horror, we'll have to admit it—a gremlin must have been tinkering with our presses—and our faces are very red.—The Editors)

### A Happy Ending

*(The following letter arrived in our offices one morning, with a manuscript attached. Although it is not from a student, we thought you might be interested to hear what past Scholastic Writing Awards authors have to say. The original of this letter is on file in our offices.)*

Dear Editor:

A few years ago, you published my story entitled "Rogue Ebon." That was the turning point in my life. I was repeating my first semester Senior English and was considered a "discipline problem" at the time. The publication of my story changed my attitude completely. Instead of quitting school, I went on to do superior work in college. Today I am a teacher with an aspiration to write.

I am enclosing a story which I would like you to consider for publication.

D. G. F.

Dear Editor:

After reading my second issue of *L. C.*, I have decided to put the maga-

zine at the top of my list. I would like to continue my subscription when I attend college. Your publication of student writing is a good idea, for it gives us something to work for. Keep up the good work!

Your cover-to-cover reader,

Boy Mayers  
Oak Lawn (Ill.) Comm. H. S.

Dear Editor:

Our English class has received *Literary Cavalcade* since September, '53, and I am glad to say that I have enjoyed every issue. I particularly like the short story "The Restless Ones" by Leslie Waller in last April's issue. I thought the story excellently written, and felt that I was one of those boys. (3-D has nothing on *Cavalcade*.)

Ronald Garfinkle  
Evanston (Ill.) Twp. H. S.

### Sports Please

Dear Editor:

I would like to comment on the play "Quite a Guy" that appeared in the March, 1954, *Cavalcade*. I found the play entertaining, interesting and amusing. I thought the slang expressions and some of the snide remarks were very funny. In my opinion, the play brings out a good picture of the job of coaching and all the heartaches connected with it. It also emphasizes the sense of fair play and sportsmanship that athletes have—or should have.

I hope you will include more stories about high school sports.

Jay R. Levy  
Randell School  
Denver, Col.





# Baby Sitter's Guide

By DENNIS THE MENACE

With some help on the pictures and spelling  
By HANK KETCHAM and BOB HARMON

*"Some people may think I am too young to write a book, although I am five years old and know a lot. But if you think I am too young, I would like to explain why I am writing this book. I need the money."*

## "Training to Be a Baby Sitter"

The first thing a baby sitter needs the most of all is the patience of Job—whoever he is. Kids like people with lots of patience. Most people don't have any. Especially neighbors.

The next thing a baby sitter needs the most of all is to be real strong. Stronger than kids, anyhow. If you are not stronger than a kid, you are in plenty of trouble. Because this is the only reason that big people can boss kids around. They are stronger than kids. So you should drink lots of milk. And get plenty of sleep. This is important. Because a sleepy baby sitter is sure to get in trouble. If you go to sleep while you're sitting with a kid, he might tie you up, or pour sand in your mouth, or take off your shoes and nail them to the floor, or cut off your hair. And a lot of other things I haven't even tried out.

So get plenty of sleep and eat a lot of good healthy foods. Like, for instance, root beer and peanut butter sandwiches. Peanut butter will stick to your ribs, or almost anything, and root beer contains vitamins, A, B, C and seven. The same as bubble gum. Everyone ought to drink eight glasses of root beer every day. But don't worry about exercise. You'll get plenty.

## "Things You Should Ask Parents"

The first thing you should ask parents

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is how much they are giving for a baby sitter. This is very important, because money is very important. And even kids need money. If you have money in the piggy bank you feel taller.

Always ask parents if you can use the TV set. You'd be surprised how selfish parents can be. If the parents don't want you to touch their ol' set, wear gloves when you turn it on. Gloves will cover up your fingerprints. I learned this trick on Dragnet.

Always ask parents if you can have a glass of milk if you get thirsty. Even if you don't like milk. And I wouldn't blame you. But this will give you a chance to open the refrigerator. And once you get the refrigerator open, you may find an ol' chicken leg, or a piece of apple pie, or even a bottle of root beer. If parents won't let you have a glass of milk when you get thirsty, use gloves to open the refrigerator.

Always find out where the parents are going. This is important. They may be ducking out on the kid, and you'll be stuck with him. Sometimes it isn't easy to find out where the parents are going because they don't always know. Usually they just leave so they can get away from the kid. If the kid would leave, they wouldn't have to hire you. So you can be darn glad most kids are afraid of the dark.

Always find out if the kid has any grandparents or uncles. People like that. This is so you will have some place to

take the kid in case his parents have ditched him.

Always find out when the parents are coming back. In case they are selfish parents, this will give you a chance to turn off the TV and get rid of the chicken bones. And hide the gloves.

Always ask parents if you can have visitors. Some parents don't like a baby sitter to have visitors because visitors always turn out to be the baby sitter's boy friend. And I guess you know what happens when a baby sitter and her boy friend get together? They roll up the rug and start dancing. And they never even notice the kid after that because they're making more noise than he is. He could die of thirst reaching for a glass and they wouldn't miss a step. He could choke on a sucker stick and they'd be too busy shaggin' to pat him on the back. So you shouldn't get sore when parents don't want you to have any visitors. They are just thinking of their kid.

## "Making the Kid Mind You"

In case you sit with more than one kid, I think you had better bring a friend along. Because one baby sitter is no match for two kids. You can't look in back of yourself and in front of yourself at the same time, and this is where two kids will be. This can be very dangerous. Especially if both kids are boys. Girls are on the sissy side, as a rule, and probably won't give you much trouble. Although they are very sneaky. And selfish. But since baby sitters are usually just little girls that got big, you know this as well as I do.

Now we come to a very big question: How hard you can spank the kid if he does something you think is bad. Or if you can spank him at all. Some parents don't think anybody should spank a kid. Or even yell at him. These kind of parents are known as suckers. An-

Dennis is back with a brand new book written all by himself (or almost). We present an excerpt from it on these pages. But there's much more, all funny, and, Dennis insists, maybe useful, too. It's just about the ideal Christmas gift for any teen-ager on your list (and we think this includes the boys, too).

other kind of parents doesn't care how much you spank their kid. In fact, they enjoy it. These kind of parents are known as mean parents. Another kind of parents will let you spank a kid if he really needs it, but they won't let you pound on him just because you don't like his face. These kind of parents are known as my parents. My parents are the best kind.

Another thing, don't ever let a kid bluff you. If you ever do, you're gonna be in lots of trouble. Kids can tell if a big person is afraid of them—and you'd be surprised how many big people are afraid of kids—but they can't tell if a big person can be bluffed. The only way a kid can tell is to try it. So watch for this. . . .

### "Self-Defense"

Now I am going to give you a few tips on self-defense. This means how to take care of yourself when you sit with a real tough kid. Or several of them. If a kid should ever try to hit you with his fist, grab his hair and try to lift him up off his feet. This will surprise him. If a kid tries to kick you, grab his foot and pull up real fast. This will make him fall on his back and will stop him from kicking anyone for a minute or two. If a kid tries to hit you with something, like a baseball bat say, be sure and duck. Baseball bats are made of very hard wood. If a kid throws something at you, say like a rock, be sure and duck. In fact, you had better practice ducking.

Always carry a loaded water pistol, so if a kid squirts you with his water

pistol, you can squirt him right back. This will surprise him. And take all the fun out of it for him. I learned this the hard way.

Now I'd like to warn you about ropes. Ropes are very dangerous if you are inside of them. Some kids can throw a rope over anything that is standing still. So keep moving. And just in case a kid does throw a rope over you, you had better keep twisting and turning until you get out of it, boy. If you don't get out of it, I sure feel sorry for you. . . .

### "Baby Sitters I Have Known"

I thought maybe you might be interested in some of the baby sitters I have had to put up with. There are almost as many kinds of baby sitters as there are kinds of kids. And through the years I guess I have had most of them.

A. I call this one the Big Guy. He usually wears a sweater with a big letter on it, and he whistles a lot. He weighs more than Roy Rogers' horse, and his hands sort of scare you. But he's no problem at all. He will grin at almost anything you do, and he will let you do almost anything you want. He would make a good dad—if he wasn't so dumb. Parents don't like him. He eats too much, and he lets their kids wreck their house. In a way, he is sort of like a big kid himself. I like him.

B. I call this baby sitter the Teacher. She always wears glasses, and she always brings a big bunch of books with her. And she never smiles. She reads a lot about us kids, and she thinks she knows a lot about us. But kids get even with her by giving her a special bad

time. And she can't take it. She either gets mad and tries to kill you, or busts out in a big bawl. And when your parents come in you never see her again. That's one good thing about her.

C. I call this baby sitter the Little Mother because she treats you like she was your mother. Only worse. She's so nice you are almost ashamed to treat her like a baby sitter. Don't ever sneeze around this dame. She'll have you in bed before you can find your handkerchief. And she'll make you drink hot lemonade like it was cold lemonade. She also likes to read bedtime stories, and she likes to hold you on her lap while she does this. I guess she's very nice, if you care for this kind of people.

D. I call this one Grandma. She's plenty old, and she can't hear very good but she's wise to kids. You can't hardly fool her, and you can't hardly make her nervous. She can go to sleep while you're pounding on a drum, and wake up before you get to the cookie jar. She can't catch you if you run from her, but she can trick you into coming back. And if you get tough, you'll find out she's very strong about the fingers. Parents like her. She don't eat much, she don't smoke, and she don't have any boy friends. I don't know what she does with her money.

• • •

If anything you read here helps you, or even saves your life, maybe, I sure hope you will remember that you read it here. And if you want to thank me, you can send your money to my publisher. He knows me.



"I've never sat with him before, and I've heard stories . . ."



"See? THAT'S why you should never hit a girl!"



Design by Max Weber  
from the Museum of  
Modern Art, N. Y. C.

# NOEL

## *Aspiration*

Oh, give me an old-fashioned Christmas card,  
With hostlers hostling in an old inn yard,  
With church bells chiming their silver notes,  
And jolly red squires in their jolly red coats,  
And a good fat goose by the fire that dangles,  
And a few more angels and a few less angles.  
Turn backward, Time, to please this bard,  
And give me an old-fashioned Christmas card.

**By Ogden Nash**

Copyright 1933, by Ogden Nash



Stahl card by Walter Einsel



Detail from drawing in  
Metropolitan Museum of Art

## *Before Dawn*

Dim-berried is the mistletoe  
With gloves of sheenless grey,  
The holly mid ten thousand thorns  
Smoulders its fires away;  
And in the manger Jesu sleeps  
This Christmas Day.

**By Walter de la Mare**



Stahl card by Walter Einsel,  
available Curzart Cards, N.Y.C.



# NOEL

## Season's Greetings in Christmas Art and Christmas Verse

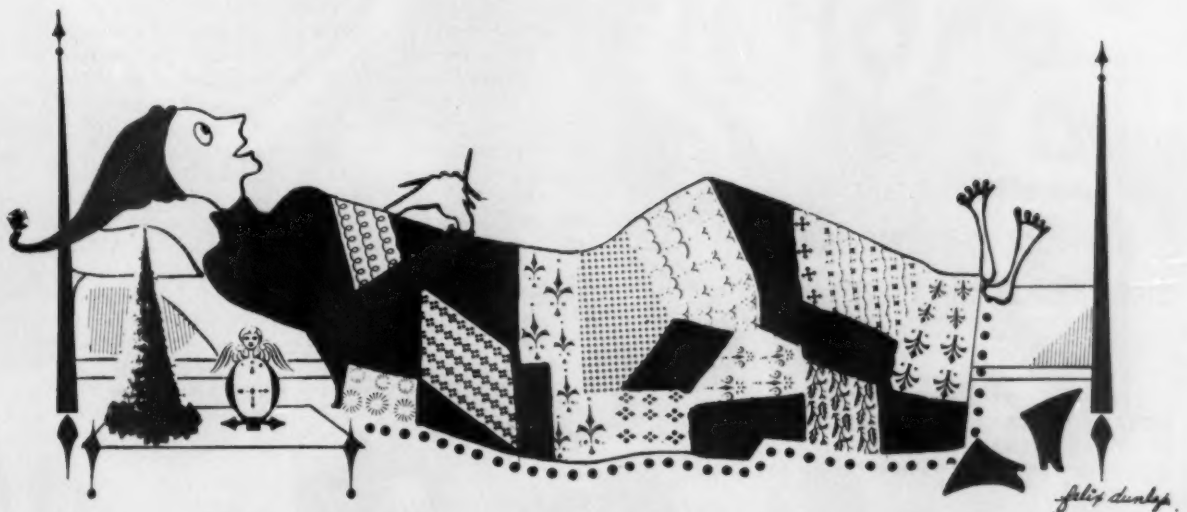
The Christmas cards on these pages—some festive, some beautifully religious—express some of the many different aspects of the holiday season we cherish.



Design by Collins,  
Lunning Collection,  
Georg Jensen, N.Y.C.



Design by Norman Rockwell, a Hallmark card



Design by Felix Dunlap, available Curzart Cards, N. Y. C.

# 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea

... So journeyed  
the monster-submarine  
along the ocean floor

JULES VERNE'S CLASSIC SCIENCE-FICTION  
STORY IS BROUGHT TO THE SCREEN  
BY WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

ON these pages you'll find photographs from the new film-version of 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, one of the first science-fiction stories ever written. With them we present an excerpt from Jules Verne's gripping classic. Verne's story is the more remarkable when we realize that he penned his tale of the fantastic electric-powered submarine in 1869—almost 20 years before the first electric-powered undersea vessel was designed.

The new CinemaScope film has been made by Walt Disney Productions. Much of it—such as the scene below—was dramatically photographed off the coast of Florida 35 feet underwater.

Verne's story reports that the nautical world has been terrorized by a mysterious monster that is destroying ships and threatening commerce. The United States Government therefore commissions a vessel, the frigate Abraham Lincoln, to pursue and destroy this menace. Aboard the pursuit expedition is a marine specialist, Professor Aronnax, who tells the story, and his servant Conseil. After months of vainly searching the ocean for their quarry, the frigate's crew suddenly hears a cry:

**"LOOK** out there! the very thing we are looking for—on our weather beam!"

At this cry the whole ship's crew hurried toward the harpooner—commander, officers, masters, sailors, cabinboys; even the engineers left their engines, and the stokers their furnaces.

The order to stop her had been given, and the frigate now simply went on by her own momentum. The darkness was then profound; and however good the harpooner's eyes were, I asked myself how he had managed to see, and what he had been able to see. My heart beat as if it would break.

At two cables' lengths from the Abraham Lincoln, on the starboard quarter, the sea seemed to be illuminated all over. It was not a mere phosphoric phenomenon. The monster emerged some fathoms from the water, and then threw out that very intense but inexplicable light mentioned in the report of several captains. This magnificent irradiation must have been produced by an agent of great shining power. The luminous part traced on the sea an immense oval, much elongated, the center of which condensed a burning heat, whose overpowering brilliancy died out by successive gradations.

"See, see! it moves; it is moving forward, backward, it is darting toward us!"

A general cry arose from the frigate. "Silence!" said the captain; "up with

the helm, reverse the engines . . . Right the helm, go ahead." The frigate moved rapidly from the burning light.

I was mistaken. She tried to sheer off, but the supernatural animal approached with a velocity double her own.

We gasped for breath. Stupefaction more than fear made us dumb and motionless. The animal gained on us, sporting with the waves. It made the round of the frigate, which was then making fourteen knots, and enveloped it with its electric rings like luminous dust. Then it moved away two or three miles, leaving a phosphorescent track, like those volumes of steam that the express trains leave behind.

All at once from the dark line of the horizon whither it retired to gain its momentum, the monster rushed suddenly toward the Abraham Lincoln with alarming rapidity, stopped suddenly about twenty feet from the hull, and died out—not diving under the water, but suddenly, and as if the source of this brilliant emanation were exhausted. Then it reappeared on the other side of the vessel, as if it had turned and slid under the hull. Any moment a collision might have occurred which would have been fatal to us.

On the captain's face, generally so impassive, was an expression of unaccountable astonishment.

"Mr. Aronnax," he said, "I do not know with what formidable being I have to deal. Undoubtedly, it is the most terrible animal that ever was created."

The crew were on their feet all night. No one thought of sleep. For its part, the narwhal let the waves rock it at will, and seemed decided not to leave the scene of the struggle. We prepared for the combat. The second lieutenant loaded the blunderbusses, which could throw harpoons to the distance of a mile, and long duck-guns, with explosive bullets. Ned Land contented himself with sharpening his harpoon—a terrible weapon in his hand.

At six o'clock, day began to break, and with the first glimmer of light, the electric light of the narwhal disappeared. [Instead] its tail, violently agitated, beat the sea with violence.

The time for the struggle had arrived. Some moments after, the two funnels of the frigate vomited torrents of black smoke, and the bridge quaked under the trembling of the boilers.

The Abraham Lincoln, propelled by her powerful screw, went straight at the animal. The latter allowed it to come within half a cable's length; then, as if disdaining to dive, it took a little turn, and stopped a short distance off.

This pursuit lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour, without the frigate gaining two yards on the cetacean. It was quite evident that at that rate we should never come up with it.

But the chase continued, and the captain, leaning toward me, said:

"I will pursue that beast till my frigate bursts up."

I wished the beast would exhaust itself, and not be insensible to fatigue, like a steam-engine!

The *Abraham Lincoln* struggled on indefatigably. I cannot reckon the distance she made during this unlucky day. But night came on, and overshadowed the rough ocean.

Now I thought our expedition was at an end, and that we should never again see the extraordinary animal. I was mistaken. At ten minutes to eleven in the evening, the electric light reappeared three miles to windward.

The narwhal seemed motionless; perhaps, tired with its day's work, it slept, letting itself float with the undulation of the waves. Now was a chance of which the captain resolved to take advantage.

He gave his orders. The *Abraham*

*Lincoln* kept up half-steam, and advanced cautiously so as not to awake its adversary.

The frigate approached noiselessly, stopped at two cables' length from the animal, and following its track. No one breathed; a deep silence reigned on the bridge.

At this moment I saw below me Ned Land, grappling the martingale in one hand, brandishing his terrible harpoon in the other, scarcely twenty feet from the motionless animal. Suddenly his arm straightened, and the harpoon was thrown; I heard the sonorous stroke of the weapon, which seemed to have struck a hard body. The electric light went out suddenly, and two enormous waterspouts broke over the bridge of the frigate, rushing like a torrent from stem to stern, overthrowing men, and breaking the lashing of the spars. A fearful shock followed, and, thrown over the rail without having time to stop myself, I fell into the sea.

• • •

This unexpected fall so stunned me that I have no clear recollection of my sensations at the time. I was at

first drawn down to a depth of about twenty feet. I am a good swimmer, and in that plunge I did not lose my presence of mind. Two vigorous strokes brought me to the surface of the water. My first care was to look for the frigate. Had the crew seen me disappear? Had the *Abraham Lincoln* veered round? Would the captain put out a boat? Might I hope to be saved?

The darkness was intense. I caught a glimpse of a black mass disappearing in the east, its beacon-lights dying out in the distance. It was the frigate! I was lost.

"Help! help!" I shouted, swimming toward the *Abraham Lincoln* in desperation.

My clothes encumbered me; they seemed glued to my body, and paralyzed my movements.

I was sinking! I was suffocating!

"Help!"

This was my last cry. My mouth filled with water; I struggled against being drawn down into the abyss. Suddenly my clothes were seized by a strong hand, and I felt myself quickly drawn up to the surface of the sea; and I heard, yes, I heard these words:



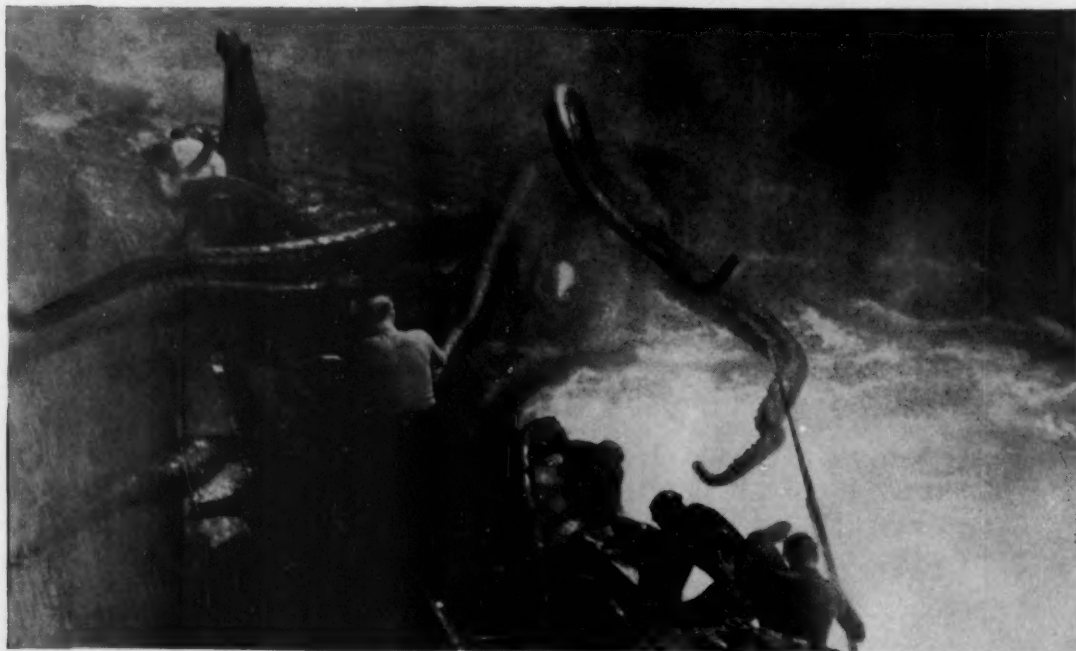




An expedition aboard the frigate *Abraham Lincoln* seeks to destroy the monster that is terrorizing the seas. Here the monster is sighted!



In the battle that ensues three men fall overboard. They crawl to safety on the floating beast—only to make a startling discovery! Left: Harpooner Ned Land (Kirk Douglas), Conseil (Peter Lorre), and Prof. Aronnax (Paul Lukas).



The monster—in reality a man-made submarine—is here attacked by a giant octopus, and is defended by its crew.

"If master would be so good as to lean on my shoulder. . . ."

I seized with one hand my faithful Conseil's arm.

"Is it you?" said I, "you?"

"Myself," answered Conseil.

"And the frigate?" I asked.

"I think that master had better not count too much on her."

"You think so?"

"At the time I threw myself into the sea, I heard the men at the wheel say, 'The screw and the rudder are broken.'"

"Broken?"

"Yes, broken by the monster's teeth. It is the only injury the *Abraham Lincoln* has sustained. But it is a bad lookout for us—she no longer answers her helm."

"Then we are lost!"

"Perhaps so," calmly answered Conseil. "However we have still several hours before us, and one can do a good deal in some hours."

Conseil's imperturbable coolness set me up again. I reckoned then we should have eight hours to swim before sunrise—an operation quite practicable if we relieved each other. The sea, very calm, was in our favor.

Near one o'clock in the morning, I was seized with dreadful fatigue. My limbs stiffened under the strain of violent cramp. Conseil was obliged to keep me up, and our preservation devolved on him alone. I heard the poor boy pant; his breathing became short and hurried. I found that he could not keep up much longer.

"Leave me! leave me!" I said to him.

Just then the moon appeared through the fringes of a thick cloud that the wind was driving to the east. The surface of the sea glittered with its rays. This kindly light reanimated us. My head got better again. I looked at all points of the horizon. I saw the frigate! She was five miles from us, and looked like a dark mass, hardly discernible. But no boats!

I would have cried out. My swollen lips could utter no sounds. Conseil could articulate some words, and I heard him repeat at intervals, "Help! Help!"

Our movements were suspended for an instant; we listened. It might be only a singing in the ear, but it seemed to me as if a cry answered the cry from Conseil.

"Did you hear?" I murmured.

"Yes! yes!"

And Conseil gave one more despairing call.

This time there was no mistake! A human voice responded to ours! Was it the voice of another unfortunate creature, abandoned in the middle of the ocean, some other victim of the shock sustained by the vessel? Or rather was it a boat from the frigate, that was hailing us in the darkness?

Conseil made a last effort, and raised himself half out of the water, then fell back exhausted.

"What did you see?"

"I saw," murmured he—"I saw—but do not talk—reserve your strength!"

What had he seen? Then, I know not why, the thought of the monster came into my head for the first time! Conseil was towing me again. He raised his head sometimes, looked before us, and uttered a cry of recognition, which was responded to by a voice that came nearer and nearer. I scarcely heard it. My strength was exhausted; my fingers

stiffened; my hand afforded me support no longer; my mouth, convulsively opening, filled with salt water. Cold crept over me. I raised my head for the last time, then I sank.

At this moment a hard body struck me. I clung to it; then I felt that I was being drawn up; I fainted.

It is certain that I soon came to. I half opened my eyes.

"Conseil!" I murmured.

By the waning light of the moon, which was sinking down to the horizon, I saw a face which was not Conseil's, and which I immediately recognized.

"Ned!" I cried.

"The same, sir!" replied the harpooner.

"Were you thrown into the sea by shock of the frigate?"

"Yes, professor; but, more fortunate than you, I was able to find a footing almost directly upon a floating island."

"An island?"

"Or, more correctly speaking, on our gigantic narwhal."

"Explain yourself, Ned!"

"Only I soon found out why my harpoon had not entered its skin."

"Why, Ned, why?"

"Because, professor, that beast is made of sheet-iron."

The harpooner's last words produced a sudden revolution in my brain. I wriggled myself quickly to the top of the being, or object, half out of the water, which served us for a refuge. I kicked it. It was evidently a hard, impenetrable body, and not the soft substance that forms the bodies of the great marine mammalia. But this hard body might be a bony carapace, and I should be free to class this monster among amphibious reptiles, such as tortoises or alligators.

Well, no! The blackish back that supported me was smooth, polished, with-

out scales. The blow produced a metallic sound; and incredible though it may be, it seemed, I might say, as if it were made of riveted plates.

There was no doubt about it! this monster, this natural phenomenon that had puzzled the learned world, and misled the imagination of seamen of both hemispheres, was, it must be owned, a still more astonishing phenomenon—it was a simply human construction.

We had no time to lose, however. We were lying upon the back of a sort of submarine boat, which appeared like a huge fish of steel.

Just then a bubbling began at the back of this strange thing (which was evidently propelled by a screw), and it began to move. We had only just time to seize hold of the upper part, which rose about seven feet out of the water, and happily its speed was not great.

"As long as it sails horizontally," muttered Ned Land, "I do not mind; but if it takes a fancy to dive, I would not give two straws for my life."

It became really necessary to communicate with the beings, whatever they were, shut up inside the machine. I searched all over the outside for an aperture, but the lines of the iron rivets, solidly driven into the joints of the iron plates, were clear and uniform. Besides, the moon disappeared and left us in total darkness.

At last this long night passed. My indistinct remembrance prevents my describing all the impressions it made. I can only recall one circumstance. During some lulls of the wind and sea, I fancied I heard several times vague sounds, a sort of fugitive harmony produced by distant words of command. What was then the mystery of this submarine craft of which the whole world vainly sought an explanation? What kind of beings existed in this strange boat? What mechanical agent caused its prodigious speed?

Daybreak appeared. The morning mists surrounded us, but they soon cleared off. I was about to examine the hull, which formed on deck a kind of horizontal platform, when I felt it gradually sinking.

"Oh, confound it!" cried Ned Land, kicking the resounding plate; "open, you inhospitable rascals!"

Happily the sinking movement ceased. Suddenly a noise, like iron works violently pushed aside, came from the interior of the boat. One iron plate was moved, a man appeared, uttered an odd cry, and disappeared immediately.

Some moments after, eight strong men with masked faces appeared noiselessly, and drew us down into their formidable machine. . . .



**Captain Nemo (James Mason), fanatic creator of the monster-submarine, battles the octopus for his ship—and for his life.**



By DYLAN THOMAS

## A BOY'S Christmas IN WALES

A celebrated poet recalls a chapter of his boyhood—

white Christmases in a small Welsh seaport

*Here's a treat for us all—an essay by Dylan Thomas. Read it slowly, taking time to savor each sentence and enjoy all of its meanings. For Dylan Thomas was a poet and this is almost a prose-poem.*

Dylan Thomas grew up in a small town on the coast of Wales, England. He was considered one of the most promising poets of our times, and his death last year, at only 39, was a great loss to modern literature.

Christmases in Wales weren't much different from Christmases you remember—but Dylan Thomas's pen gives them a quality all their own. Note how he uses familiar words in new and surprising ways. His sentences brim with images that stir our imagination. You'll discover all this for yourself as you read the essay, which begins with a conversation with a small boy.

ONE Christmas was so much like another, in those years around the seaport corner, that I can never remember whether it snowed for six days and six nights when I was twelve or whether it snowed for twelve days and twelve nights when I was six. All the Christmases roll down toward the two-tongued sea, like a cold and headlong moon bundling down the sky that was our street; and they stop at the rim of the ice-edged, fish-freezing waves, and I plunge my hands in the snow and bring out whatever I can find. . . .

Years and years and years ago, when I was a boy, when there were wolves in Wales, and birds the color of red-flannel petticoats whisked past the harp-shaped hills, when we sang and wal-

lowed all night and day in caves that smelt like Sunday afternoons in damp front farmhouse parlors, and we chased, with the jawbones of deacons, the English and the bears; before the motor car, before the wheel, before the duchess-faced horse, when we rode the daft and happy hills bareback, it snowed and it snowed.

But here a small boy says: "It snowed last year, too. I made a snowman and my brother knocked it down and I knocked my brother down and then we had tea."

"But that was not the same snow," I say. "Our snow was not only shaken from whitewash buckets down the sky, it came shawling out of the ground and swam and drifted out of the arms and hands and bodies of the trees; snow grew overnight on the roofs of the houses like a pure and grandfather moss, minutely white-ivied the walls and settled on the postman, opening the gate, like a dumb, numb thunderstorm of white, torn Christmas cards."

"Were there postmen then, too?"

"With sprinkling eyes and wind-cherried noses, on spread, frozen feet they crunched up to the doors and mittened on them manfully. But all that the children could hear was a ringing of bells."

"You mean that the postman went rat-a-tat-tat and the doors rang?"

"I mean that the bells that the children could hear were inside them."

"I only hear thunder sometimes, never bells."

"There were church bells, too."

"Inside them?"

"No, no, no, in the bat-black, snow-white belfries, tugged by bishops and storks. And they rang their tidings over the bandaged town, over the frozen foam of the powder and ice-cream hills,

over the crackling sea. It seemed that all the churches boomed for joy under my window; and the weathercocks crew for Christmas, on our fence."

"Get back to the postmen."

"They were just ordinary postmen, fond of walking and dogs and Christmas and the snow. They knocked on the doors with blue knuckles. . . ."

"Ours has got a black knocker. . . ."

"And then they stood on the white Welcome mat in the little, drifted porches and huffed and puffed, making ghosts with their breath, and jogged from foot to foot like small boys wanting to go out."

"And then the presents?"

"And then the presents, after the Christmas box. And the cold postman, with a rose on his button-nose, tingled down the tea-tray-slithered run of the chilly glinting hill. He went in his ice-bound boots like a man on fishmonger's slabs. He wagged his bag like a frozen camel's hump, dizzily turned the corner on one foot, and, by God, he was gone."

"Get back to the presents."

"There were the Useful Presents: engulfing mufflers of the old coach days, and mittens made for giant sloths, zebra scarfs of a substance like silky gum that could be tug-o'-warred down to the galoshes; from aunts who always wore wool next to the skin there were mustached and rasping vests that made you wonder why the aunts had any skin left at all; and once I had a little crocheted nose bag from an aunt now, alas, no longer whinnying with us. And pictureless books in which small boys, though warned with quotations not to, would skate on Farmer Gile's pond and did not drown; and books that told me everything about the wasp, except why."

"Go on to the Useless Presents."

"Bags of moist and many-colored jelly babies and a folded flag and a false nose and a tram-conductor's cap and a



machine that punched tickets and rang a bell; never a catapult; once, by mistake that no one could explain, a little hatchet; and a celluloid duck that made, when you pressed it, a most unducklike sound, a mewling moo that an ambitious cat might make who wished to be a cow; and a painting book in which I could make the grass, the trees, the sea and the animals any color I pleased, and still the dazzling sky-blue sheep are grazing in the red field under the rainbow-billed and pea-green birds. Hard-boiled, toffee, fudge and allsorts, crunches, cracknels, humbugs, glaciers, marzipan, and butterwelsh for the Welsh. And troops of bright tin soldiers who, if they could not fight, could always run. And Easi Hobbi-Games for Little Engineers, complete with instructions. Oh, easy for Leonardo! And a whistle to make the dogs bark to wake up the old man next door to make him beat on the wall with his stick to shake our picture off the wall. And a packet of cigarettes: you put one in your mouth and you stood at the corner of the street and you waited for hours, in vain, for an old lady to scold you for smoking a



cigarette, and then with a smirk you ate it. And then it was breakfast under the balloons."

"Were there Uncles, like in our house?"

"There are always Uncles at Christmas. The same Uncles. And on Christmas mornings, with dog-disturbing whistle and sugar fags, I would scour the swathed town for the news of the little world, and find always a dead bird by the white Post Office or by the deserted swings; perhaps a robin, all but one of his fires out. Men and women wading or scooping back from chapel, with taproom noses and wind-bussed cheeks, huddled their stiff black jarring feathers against the irreligious snow. Mistletoe hung from the gas brackets in all the front parlors; there

\*Leonardo da Vinci, famous fifteenth century painter and engineer.

was sherry and walnuts and bottled beer and crackers by the dessertspoons; and cats in their fur-a-bouts watched the fires; and the high-heaped fires spat, all ready for the chestnuts and the mulling pokers. Some few large men sat in the front parlors, without their collars, Uncles almost certainly, trying their new cigars, holding them out judiciously at arms' length, returning them to their mouths, coughing, then holding them out again as though waiting for the explosion; and some few small aunts, not wanted in the kitchen, nor anywhere else for that matter, sat on the very edges of their chairs, poised and brittle, afraid to break, like faded cums and saucers."

Not many those mornings trod the piling streets: an old man always, fawn-bowlered, yellow-gloved and, at this time of year, with spats of snow, would take his constitutional to the white bowling green and back, as he would take it wet or fire on Christmas Day or Doomsday; sometimes two hale young men, with big pipes blazing, no overcoats and windblown scarfs, would trudge, unspeaking, down to the forlorn sea, to work up an appetite, to blow away the fumes, who knows, to walk into the waves until nothing of them was left but the two curling smoke clouds of their inextinguishable briars. Then I would be slapdashing home, the gray smell of the dinners of others, the bird smell, the brandy, the pudding and mince, coiling up my nostrils, when out of a snow-clogged side lane would come a boy the spit of myself, with a pink-tipped cigarette and the violet paste of a black eye, cocky as a bullfinch, leering all to himself. I hated him on sight and sound, and would be about to put my dog whistle to my lips and blow him off the face of Christmas when suddenly he, with a violet wink put his whistle to his lips and blew so stridently, so high, so exquisitely loud, that gobbling faces, their cheeks bulged with goose, would press against their tinsel windows, the whole length of the white echoing street.

For dinner we had turkey and blazing pudding, and after dinner the Uncles sat in front of the fire, loosened all buttons, put their large moist hands over their watch chains, groaned a little and slept. Mothers, aunts, and sisters scuttled to and fro, bearing tureens. Auntie Bessie, who had already been frightened, twice, by a clock-work mouse, whimpered at the sideboard and had some elderberry wine. The dog was sick. Auntie Dosie had to have three aspirins, but Auntie Hannah, who liked port, stood in the middle of the snowbound back yard, singing like a big-bosomed thrush. I would blow up balloons to see how big they would blow up to; and, when they burst, which they all did, the Uncles



jumped and rumbled. In the rich and heavy afternoon, the Uncles breathing like dolphins and the snow descending, I would sit among festoons and Chinese lanterns and nibble dates and try to make a model man-o'-war, following the Instructions for Little Engineers, and produce what might be mistaken for a seagoing tram. Or I would go out, my bright new boots squeaking, into the white world, on to the seaward hill, to call on Jim and Dan Jack and to pad through the still streets, leaving huge deep footprints on the hidden pavements.

"I bet people'll think there's been hippos." "What would you do if you saw a hippo coming down our street?"

"I'd go like this, bang! I'd throw him over the railings and roll him down the hill and then I'd tickle him under the ear and he'd wag his tail."

"What would you do if you saw two hippos?"

Iron-flanked and bellowing he-hippos clanked and battered through the scudding snow toward us as we passed Mr. Daniel's house. "Let's post Mr. Daniel a snowball through his letter box." "Let's write things in the snow." "Let's write, 'Mr. Daniel looks like a spaniel' all over his lawn." Or we walked on the white shore. "Can the fishes see it's snowing?"

The silent one-clouded heavens drifted on to the sea. Now we were snow-blind travelers lost on the north hills, and vast, dewlapped dogs, with flasks round their necks, ambled and shambled up to us, baying "Excelsior." We returned home through the poor streets where only a few children fumbled with bare red fingers in the wheel-rutted snow and catcalled after us, their voices fading away, as we trudged uphill, into the cries of the dock birds and the hooters of ships out in the whirling bay. And then, at tea the recovered Uncles would be jolly; and the ice cake loomed in the center of the table like a marble grave. Auntie Hannah laced her tea with rum, because it was only once a year.

Bring out the tall tales now that we told by the fire as the gaslight bubbled like a diver. Ghosts whooped like owls in the long nights when I dared not look over my shoulder; animals lurked in the cubbyhole under the stairs where the gas meter ticked. And I remember that we went singing carols once, when there wasn't the shaving of a moon to light the flying streets. At the end of a long road was a drive that led to a large house, and we stumbled up the darkness of the drive that night, each one of us afraid, each one holding a stone in his hand in case, and all of us too brave to say a word. The wind through the drive trees made noises as of old and unpleasant and maybe web-footed men wheezing in caves. We reached the black bulk of the house.

"What shall we give them? Hark the Herald?"

"No," Jack said, "Good King Wenceslas. I'll count three."

"One, two, three."

And we began to sing, our voices high and seemingly distant in the snow-felted darkness round the house that was occupied by nobody we knew. We stood close together, near the dark door.

*God King Wenceslas looked out  
On the Feast of Stephen . . .*

And then a small, dry voice, like the voice of someone who has not spoken for a long time, joined our singing: a small, dry, eggshell voice from the other side of the door: a small dry voice through the keyhole. And when we stopped running we were outside *our* house; the front room was lovely; balloons floated under the hot-water-bottle-gulping gas; everything was good again and shone over the town. "Perhaps it was a ghost," Jim said. "Perhaps it was trolls," Dan said, who was always reading. "Let's go in and see if there's any jelly left," Jack said. And we did that.

Always on Christmas night there was music. An Uncle played the fiddle, a cousin sang "Cherry Ripe," and another Uncle sang "Drake's Drum." It was very warm in the little house. Auntie Hannah, who had got on to the parsnip wine, sang a song about Bleeding Hearts and Death, and then another in which she said her heart was like a Bird's Nest; and then everybody laughed again; and then I went to bed. Looking through my bedroom window, out into the moonlight and the unending, smoke-colored snow, I could see the lights in the windows of all the other houses on our hill and hear the music rising from them up the long, steadily falling night. I turned the gas down, I got into bed. I said some words to the close and holy darkness, and then I slept.

# The Juggler of Our Lady

A sort of a Christmas story

*Here is a glimpse—just a glimpse—of a great legend. It was told very beautifully by Anatole France in his famous story Our Lady's Juggler, and has now been retold in drawings by artist R. O. Blechman in a book called The Juggler of Our Lady. (See book review on page 33 of this issue.)*

Cantalbert was a juggler. Every morning he would walk to town with his equipment and juggle. But he could never attract an audience. He tried New and Difficult tricks . . .



. . . but nobody paid any attention to him. He was a failure.



If only he were a monk (he thought) he could live in a warm room, and have friends, and feed the birds, and tell Mary of how sad and lonely he was, and She would understand.

Cantalbert was accepted by the monks. Christmas grew near. All the brothers retired to their cubicles and prepared their Christmas presents to

Honor the Virgin. One brother copied a manuscript . . . another painted a fresco . . . others wrote poems to the Virgin . . . and carved statues . . . and cooked . . . and composed music. But Cantalbert could neither paint, copy, sculpt, write, cook, or compose. He could do nothing.

Christmas arrived and everybody went to the chapel to present his gifts. But Cantalbert went last because he had nothing to give. The cook gave Mary a cake. Brother Maurice read Mary a Latin poem he had composed.



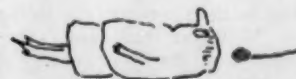
Brother Armand presented the Virgin with the smallest illuminated Bible ever made. Brother Fulbert dedicated his choir work to the Virgin. And Brother Thomas presented his ivory carving. But Cantalbert had nothing he could give.

That night . . . when all the monks were asleep Cantalbert tit-toed into the chapel. And he juggled all night to entertain Mary.

When morning came, the brothers ran to the chapel to admire their gifts again. There was Cantalbert juggling before the Virgin. Then Cantalbert collapsed from exhaustion.



And the brothers dropped to their knees, for his gift was received with grace and compassion—and one red rose appeared at his head.





# The Voice of Bugle Ann

*There had never been a  
hound-voice like hers . . . it  
was a bugle, a trumpet cry . . .  
soaring . . . high, and round*

By MacKINLAY KANTOR

Illustrated by CHARLES BECK

DECEMBER, 1954

**H**ER voice was something to dream about, on any night when she was running through the hills. The first moment she was old enough to boast an individual voice, Springfield Davis swore that she would be a great dog, and within another month he had given her the name she carried so proudly . . .

"Any one in Missouri who knew anything about foxhounds had heard of the Davis dogs. Spring Davis called his she-dogs ladies or girls, and there was a firm beauty about him when he spoke to them. . . ."

"Bake," said old Cal Royster, "put some wood on."

Baker went to the woodpile beyond the red circle and found a stump.

Across the fire, Spring Davis tapped his pipe against the heel of his boot. He stopped, suddenly, head tilted to one side. The firelight turned his shaggy mustache and eyebrows to fluid metal.

"Listen," he said. "Getting sweet."

His son, Benjy Davis, rose to his feet. He moved like an Indian; so did his father. There was something of the Indian in Benjy's twenty-year-old face, too, tanned and narrow and bony.

His black eyes glittered. "He's a mighty sweet fox if they've had him away over toward the river!"

There were five men around that fire at the edge of Bachelor's timber. Four of them—Spring Davis and his only son, Benjy, and Calhoun Royster and his oldest son, Baker—were the most ardent



foxhound men in the county. The fifth man was no hound man at all; he was a new insurance agent from Wolf Center. He had eaten supper at the Davises', and he was beside that fire only by invitation and sufferance.

He inquired, "What do you mean Mr. Davis? 'Getting sweet.'"

"It sweats," Spring told him. "The fox does. They can smell him better after he's been running awhile. That's 'getting sweet.'"

Now even the agent's untrained ears could detect a faint distraction amid the common night sounds—the hush of sleeping forests that never sleep, and which is really no hush at all. The sound came from across the ridge, and it was as eerie and elusive as the calling of wild geese.

### "You'll Hear Her . . ."

"You'll hear her in a minute," whispered Springfield Davis.

The confused murmur became a tiny baying: the tongues of many dogs, eager and striving in spite of their two-hour run.

"That's Toul Sector," Bake Royster declared. Bake had been in the war, and all the Royster dogs were named Toul Sector or Border Service or General Bullard or some such name.

"It's not Toul Sector," said Benjy. "Not that nearest one."

"It's no Bugle Ann, neither," Cal snorted. "Nor any Davis dog."

"Reckon it is a bit turkey-mouthed for one of ours."

Old Spring Davis loved to hear Cal swear in his beard. So he continued, "I'll tell you, Cal. It's an Armstrong dog. They've picked up an Armstrong as they come past."

Royster stood with head wiggling on his humped shoulders, his bearded lips hanging open as he tried to take that baying apart and examine it. Then his ire mounted. "Where in heck's Bugle Ann, anyway?"

"Maybe she'll quit, and come in," muttered his son.

Benjy whirled, and for a moment the insurance agent thought that he was going to strike Bake Royster. "No Davis dog ever came in without being called before a fox holed," Benjy said. "Except one. You remember him. We shot him the next day."

Spring nodded. "Easy boy . . . Guess there's bound to be a black sheep in every tribe. Don't you folks worry about Bugle Ann. You'll hear her soon enough."

"Pshaw, scat," said Bake, uneasily. "I was just joking."

On such a night as this, with clouds covering the stars and no southeast

wind smothering the scent, you could tell that the hounds were running with their heads high. They skirted the eastern boundary of Chilly Branch Hollow, and straightened out along the higher ridge which swung toward Bachelor's woods.

All the men were on their feet.

Suddenly a new cry was born amid all the hissing of excited crickets.

For some reason, the Wolf Center insurance agent felt the hair prickles on his neck. . . . This was no hound-voice such as he had ever heard before, and he would never hear its like again. It was a bugle—the Davises had a rare poetry in their make-up, thought young Mr. Mayor of the National Emblem Liability. He stood there with his nails cutting his palms, and listened.

"That's her, all right," came Cal Royster's admission, "but why's she kiting off by herself? If she hain't lost it, I'm loony."

Spring Davis repeated the word, "Lost," and smiled into the fire. . . . There had never been a sound like that in the Heaven Creek country until Bugle Ann was born; even now the trumpet-cry knew its own pride, and swung off toward the southeast, far ahead of the *owk-owk-owk-owk* with which the Royster dogs threatened.

The old man whooped, without any warning: "Now, there they go after her!"

The welter of hounds went sweeping after Bugle Ann. Her cry soared ahead—high, round, with that queer and brassy resonance which made you think that ghosts were out there somewhere, sounding Taps without any armies to follow them.

Springfield Davis came back to the fire and squatted on his heels. "You see," he told the insurance agent, "Bugle Ann was running that same fox night-before-last. I reckon she remembered how he likes to feint west along a little draw that's over there, and then double back and cut his own trail. It's a common fox trick if the fox has got the nerve to try it, and easy for him to work when the scent's heavy."

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Mayor, "that I don't understand any of this. I came from the East, just this year. Fox-hunting! If you hunt every night or two, I don't see how you have any foxes left."

Bake Royster added more wood to the fire, and Benjy Davis brought up

the sandwich sack. "We never kill the fox," said Spring, sharply. "We don't ride horses, nor wear funny coats and caps. We raise dogs, and train them."

*Waken, lords and ladies gay*, thought Mr. Mayor in his baffled mind. *All the jolly chase is here, with . . .* "But it's really just a race between fox and dogs, then?"

"Fox holes up when he gets tired, and the dogs come home."

"And the same fox will run again, another night?"

"Yes, they run again. Night after night, and year after year." The gray-headed man touched the hot tin cup with cautious fingers. "Year after year," he repeated, dreamily.

The insurance agent choked over a bacon sandwich. "Are you folks—and you also, Mr. Royster—the only people who do this sort of thing?"

Spring Davis looked up from the fire. "Young man, did you ever hear of Old Man Spaulding? Reckon not. Or Gentry German, Parrish, or Colonel Trigg?"

"I suppose," Mr. Mayor replied, "that those are dogs."

"Those are men who made foxhound history in America. And Wash Maupin, and Robert Rodes, and James Kanatzar. You see, sir, it's a matter of breeding good dogs—and understanding them—and kind of loving them. It—" He broke off suddenly.

Mr. Mayor burst out, "Good Lord, do you do this all night, every night? When do you do your farm work?" He began to understand why Spring Davis had been unable to renew his fire insurance policy.

"Not every night," said Springfield. "Sometimes it rains. Or just the opposite, sometimes the weather's been too dry. Or we get long damp spells—too damp—or we get low southeast winds. We don't come out every night."

"Mr. Davis," cried Mr. Mayor, "how old are you?"

Spring smiled into the fire. "Seventy years ago this season, I ran off to join the Confederate army. I was only twelve, but I had done a sight of fox-hunting before that."

### Fox Holes Up

The hounds came closer, and once more Bugle Ann's blare was riding high above their hooted chorus.

"He's striking for his hole," Bake said.

Spring Davis leaned back and closed his eyes. He drew a deep breath. "Waited seventy years to have a dog like that," he whispered to nobody in particular.

The fox uttered his shout of defiance—that strange yelp which was half a

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cat-cry, half a dog-bark, and wholly insulting. Then baffled shrieks told that he had holed.

"Fetch the horn, Benjy," ordered old Davis.

From beside a rolled up sweater, Benjy Davis brought a battered army bugle and gave it to his father. The old man wet his lips, fitted the mouth-piece carefully beneath his shaggy mustache, and blew two notes: the *ta-da* of galloping Valkyries, forever a summons and a challenge.

"Will she come for that?" Mr. Mayor asked in amazement.

"Always."

Benjy peered toward the crossing at Heaven Creek. "Looks like some other folks are coming, too."

### Unwelcome News

The dull, yellow lights of an old Ford were rocking toward them. Slowly it rattled up the hill, and stopped at the wood road. The two younger Royster boys, Tom and Delbert, got out with cheers of greeting, which were stilled hastily when they saw a stranger at the fire.

They were sunburned, strapping youngsters who would have looked happier in overalls than in the Sunday suits they had worn for their squiring.

Their faces were unwontedly serious, and neither of them headed for the sandwiches.

"What ails you two?" demanded Cal.

"You heard about the old Camden place?" countered Delbert.

Everyone except the insurance agent looked automatically toward the northwest. A mile down the valley of Heaven Creek stood an abandoned house and farm buildings, which in daylight showed plainly from their hill.

"I did hear that somebody was moving on it," said the father.

"Some of the Camdens, coming back," added Baker.

Old Spring Davis stood fingering his bugle. "The Camdens was great dog people in their day. That's twenty-thirty year ago."

"Well," said Tom, "we heard about it over at Lancey's. It's a son-in-law of the old Camdens, and his name is Terry, and he aims to raise sheep."

For a long moment no one spoke.

"Fence," said Spring Davis. There was an odd whine in his tone.

Delbert said, "Martin Lancey was at the lumberyard today and this Terry was there. He was ordering posts and wire. Wove-wire, Lancey said."

"Hog-tight, bull-strong and horse-high," added Tom.

A coal popped in the fire, and a shower of sparks blew up.

Spring Davis said, thoughtfully: "Man's name is Jacob Terry. I remember him."

"Sure enough," agreed Calhoun Royster, "and he married Effie Camden. I heard she died, up in Jackson County. Had one daughter, seems to me."

Spring Davis put down the bugle. His kneecaps creaked as he stood up. "I wouldn't call this Jake Terry a pleasant man. Once he whipped a horse with a piece of board . . . going to put up a wove-wire fence, hey?"

"They're moving in this week," went on Delbert.

Something twitched outside the last reaches of firelight, and Spring Davis went down on one knee. "Come on, little lady," he cried. Bugle Ann trotted into the light, her long ears flapping, her elbows plastered with mud. She was a small hound, but with a strong,

well-arched coupling, and she carried her tail like a banner.

Davis took her in his arms. "This here's the angel song you heard, Mr. Mayor."

"She didn't come very prompt," scoffed old Royster.

"Prompt enough," said the veteran. "She set out there past the light, until she was sure about that car. You didn't know the Royster boys would come driving up in their smoke-wagon, did you, honey?"

She wiped his chin with her limp tongue.

"What do you feed her?" asked Mr. Mayor.

"Best cornmeal, bran, and pork cracklings," answered Benjy. "Ma boils it to a thick mush. All our dogs get that."

His father rubbed Bugle Ann's head with his stubbled chin.

The other hounds were coming intan and white, wet ears, drooling jowls—a muddle of tails and snorts and sneezes in the firelight. Benjy took charge of the Davises. There were six of them out, this night, and he handled them with skill and deference and firmness . . . his father still held Bugle Ann wrapped in his gaunt arms.

"I reckon," decided Spring, "that we'd better make a visit on this Jake Terry tomorrow. Call the Armstrongs and Lanceys and ever body together;



even get the Pettigrews down from Big Panther Creek. Nobody has ever put up such a fence in these parts, and this is a mighty poor time to start."

Again Mr. Frank Mayor prayed for information.

"First place," explained Davis, "a fox hates such a fence. He's liable to shy off and leave the country because of it. But some of the foxes do like it, and that's even worse. Because a dog runs about fifteen mile an hour—and he hits a wove-wire fence in the dark. The fox is little—he's gone through without choking to death. The dog is liable to get killed."

He rubbed the home-made collar on Bugle Ann's neck. The collar plate was made from a silver dollar stamped flat, and silver dollars were none too plentiful with Springfield Davis any more.

"You can't get good hunting in a country where they put such fences across the fox range," Baker Royster summed up.

Bugle Ann was snoring happily in old Spring's arms.

Mr. Mayor had to drive all the way to Wolf Center, and he didn't arrive at home until four a.m., and his wife was worried to death. He told her that he had just attended the strangest fox hunt in the world; it was a kind of fox-hunting in which no killing took place. He was a discerning man, but in this case he spoke too soon.

The men of the Heaven Creek neighborhood waited upon Jacob Terry the next day.

### Trouble Brews

That was June. By July, everybody knew that young Benjy Davis was tarnishing some mysterious code which existed among them all, and which no one of them could have explained or accounted for. Benjy was keeping company with Jacob Terry's daughter, and he made no secret of it.

She was named after her mother's people: Camden. She was eighteen, and she had the shaded hazel eyes of her mother's family, the dainty nostrils and firm lower lip which had marked the Camdens as quality folks when they first came to that country on horse-back.

From her father Camden inherited the Terry stature, the Terry red hair. All Heaven Creek hoped that she hadn't inherited his surliness, loose tongue and ugly disposition. Benjy believed that she hadn't.

The crisis along Heaven Creek began to develop one night when the grass still reeked from a July flood, and the southeast wind would have



drowned any fox-smell which rose from last autumn's leaves. Springfield Davis sat on the front porch with his shoes off, and Bugle Ann dreamed on the step beside him.

Spring noticed that Benjy disappeared immediately after the evening chores were done, and later he smelled shoe polish. About eight o'clock Benjy came around the corner of the house, and he was wearing his good trousers and the blue necktie which Grandma Duncan had sent him for Christmas, and which he had never worn.

"It's a wet night," Spring said. He began to fill his pipe.

"I reckon the wind will change," said Benjy. "But anyway it's unlike to dry off the grass before midnight."

Spring put his hand on Bugle Ann. "If it does dry up enough, Cal will be out."

"I'll listen when I get back," Benjy told him. "If I hear you up in the woods, I'll come over. I thought," he said, "that I might go with Camden Terry to see the moving pictures in town."

Spring thought, "I've counted, each time they was together. This is eight times." He said aloud, "That's a long way for a buggy. You plowed pretty steady all day, too."

"I wanted to lay-by that slow corn,"

Benjy said. "Camden can drive her Ford. We talked about it out in the field, when she came past today."

"Well," his father muttered. He thought, "So I was wrong. Nine times." He cleared his throat. "You might bring me a sack of Sweet Burley from town."

Benjy waved good-by. "I'll bring it," he said, and went away like a war-chief in the dusk.

A long while later, Spring leaned down and blew softly against Bugle Ann's ear, and she roused up to wash his face for him.

He sat for hours, thinking of Jacob Terry and how he had greeted the deputation which waited on him a few weeks before. He had talked some of shooting dogs, but people didn't believe he really meant it. No man who had married a Camden could be perverted enough to shoot a foxhound wantonly, they thought.

The fence was solidly in place: bull-strong, hog-tight and horse-high, just as the Royster boys had foretold. It ran across the creek, up the west slope of Heaven Hump, swung its yellow posts to the north and went down hill for another half mile. On the other two sides it paralleled Heaven Creek and Welsh Run. Jake Terry hadn't bought many sheep yet, but folks said that he was dickering here and there.

When that woven belt of wire encompassed the slope of Heaven Hump, the Davises and Roysters had gone up into the woods and had dug out all the nearer fox dens. Several foxes were captured alive, and later were liberated miles away, east of the Armstrong farm. Their dens were broken in, or stopped with boulders and saturated with chemicals. Now it was hoped that no fox would venture toward that menacing wire sash. The north range of Heaven Creek became a victory for Jacob Terry.

As a matter of fact, the foxes were quick to learn what Terry had done to the hills. Certain of them seemed to take a fiendish delight in slipping through the meshes, whereat the dogs would howl and scramble perilously, knotting themselves in the wire squares.

This night, Spring Davis dozed on the steps until after eleven, and his wife slept on the sofa in the living room. Mrs. Davis was thirty years younger than her husband, eighteen inches shorter, a few degrees less talkative, and she knew that after his dogs, Spring loved her well. . . . The breeze did change, and when the old man awoke he found a steady west wind breathing its dryness against his face.

He went out into the yard and felt of the ground. He sniffed several times.



Bugle Ann came behind him, stretching and yawning.

"I think a fox would hang on the high ground, after all. The scent'd be fairly free. Reckon you wouldn't have to grind your nose against the ground, little girl," said the master.

She swung her tail, and lifted her muzzle. "Now, hush!" he said, and waited with delight for her to disobey him.

She blew her trumpet.

"What is it?" called Mrs. Davis, sleepily.

The other hounds were answering, from out by the barn, and far in the southwest you could hear the Royster hounds casting about. "We had bugles in the rebel army," said Spring, "but I tell you, Adelaide, I waited a long time to hear the noise that this little girl has got snuggled inside her, all ready to let out when God is willing."

"Are you going up the creek?" asked his wife. They didn't say "down the creek" any more.

"I reckon I will. Cal is out. I hear General Bullard; sounds like he's striking. Will you fetch me a snack, while I get the lantern?"

She had a lunch ready when the old man came up from the corner, with his hands full of Frances Cleveland and Billy Bryan and Old Hickory. "I can't mind more than four, what with Benjy gone," he told Adelaide, and put his lunch in his pocket and the bugle under his suspender strap. He went across the cabbage patch, with the rest of the Davis dogs wailing their grief behind him.

He saw the Royster lanterns opposite the line fence, and he let the dogs loose, one by one. Bugle Ann shot into the lead. "You find the pack, little lady!" Spring shouted at her. "Find the pack if they come nigh. They got a long jump on you."

Cal Royster chuckled in the shadows. "Talk like she understood every word you said."

"I wager she'll be up with them inside thirty minutes," Spring responded. "And anyway, likely she does know what's what. How could she help it, with that silver cornet the Lord bequeathed her?"

Del and Thomas were off with the Lancy girls again, but Bake and old Cal and Spring Davis all waded Heaven Creek and went up on the south end of the Divide to build their fire. The bugs were bad, and it was more of a smudge than a campblaze.

"What's become of Benjy?" asked Bake, who knew well enough what had become of Benjy.

Spring hesitated, then said: "He's gone to McKee's Crossing to the Wednesday night moving picture." This seemed neither the time nor the place to elaborate on his statement.

### Dogs in Danger!

The hounds came down the valley soon after midnight with the fox at a tantalizing short lead. Cal Royster voiced the apprehension of the others when he spoke. "Fox'll go right up Chilly Branch Holler," he said, and Spring hoped that he was right, for it was hard to forget the menace of the wire which lay beyond.

They heard the dogs crossing Chilly Branch near its mouth, and then Bugle Ann singled out ahead of them all, booming up the steep terraces of Heaven Hump.

Then Bake cracked out, savagely, "They never went up the Hollow. Let's get over there!" and he lumbered away through the darkness. The two older men fumbled after him until their feet touched a deep cattle trail at the base of the hill, and then they could travel rapidly.

They splashed through the rapids near the mouth of Chilly Branch, and far ahead the hounds were rearing and yelling against Jacob Terry's hog-tight fence. One dog (he must have been Wound Stripe, and well-named) kiyied, and told the world that an end of the wire had been sharp and gashing.

When the men reached the fence, waving their lanterns, the fox was long since gone. The pack danced and strutted in hysteria beside the barrier.

Wound Stripe's left fore-leg was drenched with blood.

"Bugle Ann ain't here," muttered Cal Royster.

The lantern beams had gone their anxious round.

"No," Spring Davis replied, "reckon she sailed right through." He walked up to the fence and tested its strength with his shoe, and prepared to climb over. You couldn't see his face in the lantern light.

Bake was thirty-four, and heavy enough, but he was standing inside Terry's sheep pasture before old Springfield had managed to put his stiff legs astride the fence.

Sheep scampered here and there in distracted little coteries, appearing suddenly, and vanishing into the thick night amid a rattle of hillside pebbles.

"She'd come up to me, if she was inside the lot," said Spring. "It's possible she squeezed out at the other side, too."

Cal Royster put his arms in the fence meshes, trying vainly to stop their

trembling. "She ain't giving voice no more. Maybe you better use your horn, Spring."

The old soldier had the bugle against his lips when Jacob Terry loomed up the hillside, an electric flashlight in his fist.

"Get out of this pasture," Terry said. He did not yell, and there was added menace in his voice on that account.

"Look out," Cal Royster warned. He saw a shotgun in the curve of the farmer's arm.

Spring Davis turned around and took down the bugle. He rubbed a finger across his mouth. "Jacob," he said, "I come in here after my dog."

"If your damn dog is here, he's got no good business among my sheep," Terry held the flashlight steadily on old Springfield's face.

Spring told Terry, "It's Bugle Ann. She wouldn't hurt your sheep, but she's small enough to come through your fence when a fox brings her here."

In the next silence, they listened for her voice, but could hear only the thudding of sheep which scampered along the slope. The rest of the dogs panted and mourned outside the fence.

"Get this straight, old boy." The flashlight held its unblinking stare in Terry's hand. "I'm gonna raise sheep, and I don't care a stink for all the dogs in Missouri. You keep yours off my land, or they'll get a dose of Number Ten shot."

### Harsh Words

Benjy got there a moment later. He had left Camden at the lane entrance, and he had started across a spur of the Davis timber when he heard the hounds working straight down the creek. He had no lantern; the woods were black, so was the creek valley, and it had taken him longer than he anticipated.

He asked, "What's the matter?" and his voice sounded like a youth's voice, breaking as it essayed the inflection.

Terry took a couple of steps closer. "There's more than just dogs that give me a peeve, anyway, and you know what I mean. Get out, all of you, and don't bend down my fence when you go over it, neither."

"One of my hounds got cut open," said Bake Royster. "I don't reckon you could be decent enough to staple down those ragged ends of wire, could you? Well, I'll sure come around and staple them for you."

Terry called him a name, and turned the muzzle of the gun toward him, but Benjy stepped out to meet it. He swung wide and openly, for he was not a trained boxer, but he was quicker than

a cat in any movement. His fist lifted Terry off his heels and threw him heavily.

The shotgun flew wide; it was still uncocked, and that kept it from going off.

"Take care, Benjy," was all his father said. There was grief and resignation in Spring's voice.

The hunters returned across the fence—all except Benjy.

"Come on, boy," Spring ordered him.

"Here's your light," said Benjy to Jacob. "I reckoned you had something else to say."

Terry came close to him. "I'm not afraid of no Davises," he bellowed, "but I like to choose my friends! Don't you come near Camden no more—hear me? I'm particular about who my little girl goes places with."

"I reckoned that was it," replied Benjy. The others knew from the drawl with which he spoke that he was enraged almost beyond control.

Benjy climbed over the fence. Terry turned off the flashlight, and stood there like the black stub of a tree, watching him.

"Remember what I said!" yelled Jacob Terry. "I got an old cistern needs filling in, and I'd just as soon fill it up with dog-meat."

Spring Davis said nothing more, but Cal Royster spat out his tobacco and declared that nobody would forget a word that had been said.

They gathered up the dogs and went back to the Divide. Their fire was nearly out, but Bake soon kicked it into activity, and his father found some dry wood stowed away in a hollow basswood at the head of the ravine.

They waited until two-thirty o'clock, and still Bugle Ann didn't come back, nor did they hear her metal baying any more. Baker took all the Royster dogs home to their straw beds, and then returned to the fireside. The Davis animals lay near the fire and sprawled like the dead, as only hounds can ever do, but there was a nervousness haunting their dreams, and you could imagine that the oldest of them moaned in his sleep for Bugle Ann.

Benjy sat like bronze, his arms locked around his knees.

Spring Davis walked up and down outside the firelight, tramping a path from the basswood to the nearest clump of hickory sprouts. Once he came back to the fire and spat into the coals.

"Wonder how far the gamest fox would travel, if he set his mind to go in a bee-line?" he asked, but Cal Royster couldn't tell him. Then Spring climbed to the highest point of the Divide, and awakened the dozing

whip-poor-wills with his urgent bugle.

*[The men scattered and searched for Bugle Ann long into the morning. Never before had she failed to come to the horn. Then Cal Royster, searching near the Terry land again, thought he heard a dog's yip from up near Terry's house. The yip fanned his suspicions that Terry had the dog. By mid-morning thirty men were gathered in the Davis farmyard. Bugle Ann's footprints were found outside Jacob Terry's gate.]*

Not until this moment did old Spring Davis take up his Winchester rifle and stride into Terry's yard. Terry appeared on the kitchen porch, shotgun in hand.

"I never killed your damn dog," he told Spring Davis, "but I'll put some slugs through you if you don't get out of here." He began to hoist the shotgun to his shoulder. Spring Davis fired from the hip.]

### Trial and Sentence

Spring Davis was tried in September; the trial was in no way notable except for the oration on foxhounds by a young attorney who volunteered to assume the defense without pay. The young attorney quoted "Senator Vest's Tribute to the Dog," and added tributes of his own. He discussed fox-hunting as practiced in Missouri. In the eastern part of these great United States, said the young attorney, fox-hunting was an Anglicized pose of the idle rich, and they had many strange fetishes, not the least of which was the custom never to refer to a foxhound as a "dog." They were all "hounds." Most of his listeners thought that very odd, but they did remember with interest how Spring Davis always called his female dogs Little Ladies or Little Girls.

Fifty years before, certainly, he would never have been convicted. But in this age you must not kill a man, even when another man talks of shooting and has a shotgun in his hands. It was proved that Spring Davis went into the Terry yard armed and ready to kill—he said as much himself. It was proved that Jacob Terry did not fire the first shot, nor did he have his gun at his shoulder when he was struck down.

The most important *corpus delicti*—the body of Bugle Ann—was not available. In short, no one could swear beyond all doubt that Jacob Terry had killed her. Spring Davis had usurped the prerogatives of the Sovereign State of Missouri, and the Sovereign State of Missouri brought that out very pointedly.

Girls made fudge for Spring while he was in jail; women sent in basket

dinners. He gave the fudge away, of course, and some of the dinners. There was muttering at his conviction, and men talked darkly of a jail delivery. But such a rebellion belonged fifty years in the past. Springfield Davis went to Jefferson City and served three years, eight months and twenty-one days, and then he was pardoned by the governor.

### Still a Mystery

*[During the trial of Spring Davis, Camden Terry, Jacob's daughter, had stated that she was not home at the time of the shooting. After going to the movies with Benjy, she said, she and her father had quarreled. Then she had packed some clothes and driven off in her Ford. She had thought that she wouldn't stay with her father any more. She had gone to an uncle's in another county. Neither Benjy nor any of the neighbors had seen Camden since the day in court.]*

While his father was in jail, there had been a night when Benjy could have sworn he heard Bugle Ann's cry far off in the woods. Then he had found her bones and her collar on the other side of the woods, some distance from Terry's land—and proof that Terry had not killed her. What had happened to Bugle Ann? Her disappearance and her death were still a mystery.

And now Spring Davis was out of jail. Benjy drove him home. Neighbors gathered for supper at long tables in the Davis farmyard. Talk stretched far into the evening. . . .]

In the first hush of twilight, when conversation had labored away from fox-hunting a dozen times, Spring astonished the crowd by rising to his feet and walking slowly down into the yard to feel the grass.

"It's not real wet," he said, so distinctly that all could hear him, "but there's a promising feel of dampness between the blades."

Somebody coughed.

Spring Davis looked like a tall, guerilla ghost in the thickening dusk, and the scent of June flowers was heavy. "I'd like, just as quick as possible, to set beside a fire again," he said.

Benjy stood up. He felt his knees quivering. "The dogs are rusty, Pa. You know I've been farming pretty steady."

"They'll get the kinks out of their noses, once a fox is good and sweet," said Spring. It was as if he alone were trying to whistle up the courage of his neighbors. "I hate to see a good, sticky night go to waste. And there ain't any southeast wind."

There was a stir among the farmers, and more than one stood up. But for all their eagerness a certain delicacy pos-

seduced them now. They realized that this pathetic rite—the first journeying of old Spring to the hills of Heaven Creek—was something sacred to the Davises and Roysters, who had hunted together time out of mind.

"Well," Bake Royster announced in a sweeping gesture of exclusion, "looks like everybody else has to go home and do chores or go to bed early, but Pa and I might trail up in the timber a spell with you, Spring."

Davis said, "Fetch the hounds, Benjy. I don't reckon we'll need a snack to-night, we're so full of good supper."

In half an hour the four of them had crossed the narrow clover field and were wading the valley darkness: Spring, Benjy, Cal and Baker. A solid bank of clouds rose slowly out of the west, and rain would come before morning. The air was one great, mossy cellar of humidity.

On the high crest of the Divide, the hounds went loose—four Davis dogs and five Roysters. All of the Davis dogs were elderly hounds whose voices Spring Davis knew as well as his own name. The white blots went speeding, zigzagging toward the shadows where foxes most often made their path.

The men sat on their haunches and waited.

"One's struck," said Cal, when a haunting moan came from the hilltop. "Let's have a fire."

The first curling flame, nursed tenderly through drying twigs, showed Benjy Davis something which made him catch his breath. He had to build the fire higher before he was sure. . . . Yes, old Springfield had gone upstairs before he left the house, but Benjy hadn't given it any thought at the time. And now he saw that the old man wore the battered bugle, tucked neatly beneath his suspender strap.

Stiff little needles rose on Benjy's scalp. He kept fooling with the fire.

"They're well toward Big Panther Holler," Cal estimated.

Then Benjy saw the shaking of Baker Royster's hands, and he knew that Bake too had seen the trumpet. . . . The son thought crazily, "What would we do if he stood up and started to blow that thing?"

No one talked. The log on the fire shrank to the thinness of a charred bone, and Benjy arose to see whether he could find another one dry enough.

#### Suddenly, Out of the Night . . .

He stopped, frozen in his tracks as the sound pierced him. It was a faint and elfish cry, half lost amid the buzz of tree-toads, and it might have been fathered by one of those night-hawks which rode high overhead. . . . Still, it

### About the Author

When *The Voice of Bugle Ann* first appeared it was hailed by critics as "that pearl of great price—a truly good dog story." It's sequel, *The Daughter of Bugle Ann* (Random House, 1953, Bantam, 1954) is a fall selection of the Teenage Book Club. Author MacKinlay Kantor — poet, novelist, scenario-writer — comes from Iowa.



never came from the throat of a bird, and in the first second Benjy wondered what sort of a throat it *had* come from.

Before the sudden blurring of his gaze, he watched his father's head lifting, nodding. Spring's mouth had opened slightly, in the reflex of one who listens without half knowing. . . .

Again the thin, silver measure—the horn of something which searched the forest away over beyond Heaven Hump. Bake Royster crawled up on his elbow, and his face became yellow instead of red in the firelight.

"Benjy," whispered Spring Davis, "I reckon she's struck."

The young man made a harsh sound. "It's a dog," he said. "Foxhound that belongs to— Running all off by himself, that way. I reckon he's an Armstrong."

The sockets beneath Spring's eyebrows were blank and dark and empty; the weaving shadows did strange things to the contour of his face. He said, "No Armstrong ever had that kind of music in him." Then, creakily, he was on his feet and fingering the lip of his bugle.

"For pity sake," mumbled Cal Royster, "it's just a kind of echo. . . ."

"Cal," said Spring, "if she comes real close to us, I'll blow the bugle for her."

Benjy didn't know why her ghost should have been up again, loping through that timber. It was her voice, of course—no other dog had ever lived with such a melody hidden in its throat. He ventured to suppose that Bugle Ann had loved Spring Davis, but it was a cruel and selfish devotion which would rob them all of their sanity, and never let them live in the same world with other men again.

He was repeating, again and again, "Pa! Pa—set down—set down—"

Old Spring laughed at them all, and he seemed to tower against the sky. "Are you plumb certain that was her collar, Benjy? . . . I reckon nobody but God seen her bones hop up out of the orchard to-night."

He ceased speaking, then, because the dog's howling was closer and more

distinct, as if the trail had swung toward the Hollow; even now the fox might be leaping the gorge of Chilly Branch. But Bugle Ann had learned the last trick of any fox that ever jumped.

Bake Royster was trying to stand up, but for the moment his legs wouldn't support him.

Cal groped for his friend's arm. "Now, Spring," he quavered, "you got to get holt of yourself."

Spring laughed.

That clear, baying voice rocketed against the cloudy ceiling, and came down to wash all around them.

"Get holt? Why, I bred the most beautiful tune ever played in these parts, and I ain't ashamed! Maybe you laughed when you seen me bring this bugle, but I reckoned it would come handy." He paused, grinning slyly, and nodding again as the round pealing broke loose anew.

Then, from blackest distance and seeming to rise behind the hound notes, sounded the yell of a bugle. It blew the same chords which Springfield Davis had always blown for his dog.

The hound's cry ceased, quickly, and the woods seemed to hold out empty hands.

The men looked at one another, pale face reflecting pale face, and for the first time you could see Springfield's eyes. They were bright with bewilderment, and with rage.

Once more the *ta-da*, the shrill witchery and command of it. The strings of old Davis's neck stood out tight against his skin. "I never done it," he cried. "I never gave no one else leave to blow her in!"

"Where was it?" asked Bake, hoarsely.

"Up on Heaven Hump, or past," Benjy answered him. Then he started away through the timber like a runaway steer, with Bake after him.

#### What Dog Is That?

Spring and Cal stumbled cruelly in the underbrush, until the younger men called to each other, remembering, and came back to help them. Only when they had worked their way across Chilly Branch and had crept to the summit beyond, did any one say a complete sentence. It was Spring who spoke.

"Put out your lights," he ordered. "I see another fire."

A faint ruddiness lived in the north and east, and they went toward it. Benjy grasped his father's arm, pulling him along.

Again the tree-toads buzzed; the crickets sawed and chuckled, and bettymillers came to kiss the hunters' perspiring faces.

The wood thinned away. Here was a clearing, stockaded with lonely fence



posts, where once Jacob Terry's sheep had lain down in a green pasture.

A black shape grew against the distant core of firelight.

"It's a woman," said Bake.

### Another Campfire

Camden Terry sat beside the blaze. She was motionless, even as the dry sticks crackled under approaching feet; she must have been expecting this invasion, all along. A dog was with her. The dog bayed, briefly, and Springfield Davis's arm tried to twist out of Benjy's manacled grasp.

The girl looked up at them. Benjy thought that she was more beautiful than ever—more beautiful than that day in court, for the fire made red gilt of her hair. Her eyes held dignity and fearlessness, but undoubtedly she was waiting for some immense judgment.

Spring stepped up against the fire, and looked down at the hound which crouched within the curve of the girl's arm. "You blew them notes," were the first words he said, for he saw the bugle in Camden Terry's lap.

She said, "Yes. Twice. Yes, I did."

"That hound . . ." His throat went to pieces on the word. He seemed to build it up again. "What dog is that?"

"I raised her."

"But it's got—her voice."

"Yes, I know."

He said, scornfully, "I tell you, God never made no two hound-voices alike. Same kind of mouth, and all. He never."

The girl looked up at him. "This—She's, Bugle Ann's. She's by Proctor Pride out of Bugle Ann. There were four more, but only this one had the real bugle-mouth."

Springfield staggered. Benjy held him. "She never had pups," said Spring, thickly.

Camden passed her hand over the little hound's ears, and the dog watched Spring Davis with soft, sad eyes. Her nostrils reached out for the smell of him. . . . Camden Terry stood up; the bugle rolled across the ground. Firelight made her blue dress seem purple, and it did kindly with her eyes, and for a moment Benjy couldn't breathe.

"Mr. Davis," the girl said, "my father never killed her."

Spring cried, "Aw, we know that! The boys found her skeleton over by Bachelor's and they heard her voice in the woods, but I still say she never was bred to any dog."

"That night—" Camden's voice was very low; her hands struggled together. "I drove out of the yard, just like I told in court. She was coming past the gate; I couldn't see her in time. I couldn't— It was an awful sharp turn. . . . I got out and picked her up. . . .

She wasn't dead, and even—hurt—she—she didn't seem to blame me. I was afraid there'd be trouble over it, Bugle Ann's being hurt."

Somewhere in the world beyond, Cal Royster was saying, "Car lights. They stopped for a minute. Then they went on. It was when I heard the yip."

The girl's hands separated; the fingers flattened stiffly together. "I took her along in the car. The rest of my folks didn't know I'd brought her; just Uncle Elnathan. I told them I had found a runaway dog, on the way, and I hustled her out to Uncle's place. . . . After we heard what had happened, I didn't dare tell the truth. It would have been worse for you, if the jury knew Bugle Ann wasn't really dead at all."

She gasped, "Oh, I hated Pa. He killed my mother with pure meanness. It's the awfulest thing in the world to have a father you've got to hate." Spring eyed her grimly, and told her to go on.

"Well, it was Bugle Ann's shoulder and leg. . . . She was kind of crippled, but I nursed her to health. When she came in heat in February, I bred her to Proctor Pride. He was a Spaulding hound; the only good one Uncle had, any more. There were five pups. But this was the one—like her."

Camden paused, and there were tears all over her face, but this time it was Benjy who asked her to go on.

"She waited till they were weaned. Then she left one night—there was a moon. She wasn't strong enough to run. But she did go anyway. We traced her fifteen miles, next day, and then lost her for good. Likely she was heading for home when she struck a fox, and you folks heard her. We never knew she was dead, for sure, but I always thought she'd been killed trying to get back home."

Spring exclaimed, "Benjy, I got to set," and his son eased him quickly to the ground. . . .

Soon, Spring opened his eyes and nodded at the girl. "You see," he murmured, "they let me out of Jefferson City."

Her chin trembled. "I knew. That's how I came to be here tonight. I thought you'd maybe be out in the timber."

Benjy stared at her with fierce intensity. "You know. How did you know? They don't talk those things around."

"Well," she told him, "I knew beforehand."

Benjy said, "It wasn't a parole. He was pardoned."

"Yes. The parole board. Sometimes they—kind of recommend. Folks write letters. And talk."

He had taken her hand—both of her

hands. He came between her and the Roysters, and he seemed even to have forgotten his father. Camden said, rapidly: "Jacob Terry was my father. I'd like to forget that, but it counted for something when they came to considering and— All my folks weren't Terrys," she cried at him. "Half of them were Camdens, and Camdens mean something in this state, even yet. Some of them are in the legislature."

Bake Royster exploded, "You done it, didn't you?"

### Little Lady

She shook her head. "No. I couldn't of done it myself. I—just—did what I could. They all knew what kind of a man my father was. And I told them about Mr. Davis."

Inch by inch, the hound had hitched forward to sniff around Spring Davis's feet. At first the old man twisted his legs away, but finally he lay still and watched the dog. "I'm all right, boy," he muttered to Benjy, and then he raised up on his elbow. His eyes took in the whole color and shape and hide of the hound; they studied her slenderness, her strong and well-arched coupling, the stifle built far out from her body. . . . The hound sneezed. She looked at Old Davis with curiosity, and then stepped across his legs with tail waving politely, and smelled him from the other side.

"I reckon she could run," said Spring.

"I trained her to the horn. Same as— It seemed like the best thing to do." Camden looked at Benjy, and he nodded slowly, and his face came close to hers.

Spring asked, "What do you call her?"

"Little Lady."

The old man said, "Got a deeper tan, but it's spotted much the same." Stiffly, reluctantly, he put out his hand and touched the hound's muzzle. His eyes were still hard and dry, but he whispered, "Little Lady. You got quite a mouth, Little Lady."

Cal Royster was crying like his own grandchild, but more quietly. Bake took him away from the fire. "Come on, Pa," he grunted, "we got to get out of here. I think I hear the pack coming north again." Baker was certain in his heart that before the other hounds had ever come in, Spring Davis would have sent Little Lady out with Camden and Benjy, to see what she was made of. He prophesied to himself that she would run as long as any fox made tracks; she would be a twenty-hour dog, given to mighty journeyings and chasings, but always she would come back to those black-dark hills when the bugle called her home.

# Cavalcade Firsts 1954

By YOUNG WRITERS

Selections from

Scholastic Writing Awards Entries

## Night Feeling for Two

*A cold, snowy December night . . . Does it make you feel silent and romantic? Or does it bring out the fun-loving child in you? However you feel, you'll probably recognize yourself in Priscilla Torsleff's description of a winter night. Priscilla won honorable mention for this essay in the 1954 Scholastic Writing Awards.*

By Priscilla Torsleff

Horace Greeley H. S.  
Chappaqua, New York  
Teacher, Miss Sylvia Kurson

climbed it. The sky was starless. We both shivered; Althea's hand was tight in mine. I turned to look down the hill and caught my breath. The trees, frail without the solidness of their leaves, were dim in a snow fog. Trees, houses, and the muffled road blended together into nothingness. I wanted to run down the hill into the mist, but my sister's hand held me where I was. We went on walking.

"Run!" Althea was tugging my hand. I ran with her to the rock. There I boosted her up and watched her turn her face to the snow and open her mouth wide to catch the cold. She spread her arms and closed them quickly, trying, as I so often did, to catch some of the night and take it home to keep.

She was four years younger than I;

IT WAS December sixth—snowing. Since one o'clock, powder had been falling from a colorless sky. As I walked home, the collar of my blue storm-coat hugged my neck, and my tan moccasins squished the whiteness to grey that the wind covered angrily. My hair was matted, and my body chilled through. I stamped my wet feet, watched a few cars grind up the hill, and started to run. My shoulder-strap purse banged against my side, sending a shower of snow down my socks. Mother came to meet me, and I gave her a cold kiss on a colder cheek.

That night there was a fire in the fireplace. The wind howled against the house like a child having a temper tantrum. I wiggled and reached for some of the popcorn Mother had made. I was sixteen, almost grown-up according to the child psychology book, and I wanted to make snowballs and snowmen. I turned to my sister and said, "Let's take a walk."

Althea wasn't excited about going, but, like any younger sister, she didn't want to be left out of anything. We put on everything we could find that looked warm and slipped out the back door.

Outside, the night was white. We stepped off the porch into the snow drifted high against the steps. Whiteness swirled around us as we walked. Althea scuffed her red boots, kicking the snow into feathery lumps. We started swinging hands and smiled at each other's vague shapes.

We couldn't see the rising hill as we

Priscilla Torsleff graduated last spring from the Horace Greeley H.S., Chappaqua, N. Y., where she was an enthusiastic student (National Honor Society), directed Dramatics Club plays, was literary editor for her yearbook and feature editor for the school paper—and found time for hockey, badminton, basketball, and fencing! We don't wonder she does her writing "mostly in the middle of the night." But to be "a competent and sincere writer" is her ambition.



yet, that night, she was me, sixteen and awfully in love with life. I helped her down, hugging her for a second in a rush of happiness that she was my sister, so much my sister. Snow from her coat collar melted on my cheek, and she laughed, a laugh like ice falling on glass. I wanted her to keep on laughing, but she was walking toward the faint row of houses beyond the rock.

The Irishes' lawn was smooth as carefully spread whipped cream. We grinned at each other, both with the same idea. Underneath a faint crust, the snow was right for packing. Through the mist, the lawn was a huge, downhill bowling alley. Each of us made a snowball, not too hard, but round. Althea rolled first, gingerly. The ball slipped over the crust, picking up speed as the slope increased. Then it hit a ridge and stopped. I rolled next, but my ball stopped halfway down.

Again and again we rolled, trying with breathless skill to outdo each other. It wasn't until the whole lawn was peppered that we stopped. The wind and snow were no longer fighting each other; the night around us was looking at itself. From far away, my father was whistling the family whistle for us. It was time to go home.

Althea took my hand again, and we went past the rock to the top of the hill. "Prissy, don't all those lawns look too pretty to be really true?" Althea was asking me a question she had already answered for herself. She molded a snowball and threw it into the middle of the Carlsens' lawn. The ball



"Christmas Scene," by Arlene Ocskai, Hamilton H. S., Cleveland, O., won an award in the '54 Scholastic Art Awards.

buried itself quickly. Snow fell in around the hole until there was only a tiny dent. I looked to see if the Carlsons had noticed, but only the lighted window smiled, telling me it would keep the secret.

I picked up a hunk of snow, shaped it, and threw it into the next lawn. We went down the hill slowly, spoiling every lawn, walking forward in the dim backward tracks left from when we had come up.

We turned in at the opening in our hedge, and Althea answered my father's whistle. We stamped the snow from our boots, brushed each other off with the whisk broom that Dad gave us, and went into the kitchen. It was ten-thirty, and Mother had hot cocoa for us. It was snowing again.



Card design by Bob Crawford, Columbia H.S., Richland, Wash.

## A Horse of Another Color

By Mary O'Donnell

Immaculata H. S., Chicago, Ill.  
Teacher, Sister Mary Alician

*Didn't they understand? He'd made it quite clear that he wanted a horse for Christmas. . . . This amusing little Christmas sketch was an entry in the 1954 Writing Awards.*

JOHNNY, our 12-year-old range rider, made it clear to the family that he wanted a horse for Christmas. He made it equally clear that he would not settle for less. Mother and Dad did not heed his warning. Surely, they thought, he would prefer a shiny new bicycle to a malodorous horse.

But Johnny's mind was made up. He sought a nearby stable to make arrangements for boarding his horse. And then he waited.

Everything does not come to him who waits. Johnny realized this as he approached the tree on Christmas morning. In happy anticipation he had left a bag of oats under the tree. As he saw the oats hanging on the handle bars of a sleek bicycle, his jaw dropped several inches.

Stoically, he accepted the gift and set out to test the brakes and tires for possible faults. When he did not appear after three hours, Mother became alarmed. She had almost decided to call for police aid when there was a cry from the backyard and Kitty, 11, burst in with, "You should see what Johnny has. Is it ever a surprise!"

Surprise was an understatement. In the midst of our backyard sat Johnny, astride a horse as moth-eaten as Don Quixote's Rosinante. Johnny himself looked somewhat like a miniature Rough Rider, though to see him was rather difficult since the horse was undeniably sway-backed.

Dismounting, Johnny explained that his travels had taken him to Fulton Street where he had encountered a street peddler with a horse-drawn vegetable wagon. With careful bartering he had managed to exchange his bicycle for the steed now greedily consuming the oats.

Mother waved away the smelling salts, and Dad and Johnny set off for Fulton Street. They returned not long afterward with a horse of a different color. In fact, as I recall, it was a shiny new bicycle.

## What Will You Send Us For Christmas?

Merry Christmas!

We're very happy to present Mary O'Donnell's delightful bit of cheer, "A Horse of Another Color"—in fact, we'd like to give you more Christmas stories. But we simply haven't got them! Silly, isn't it? Well, now, while the frost is in the air, the lights are in the windows, and the tingle of Christmas coming is making us all feel like eight-year-olds again, why not sit down and write a Christmas story? You *know* there's one in you! Perhaps it's a humorous sketch like Mary's; or perhaps it's the wistful wonder of the first Christmas you can remember; or perhaps it's a serious and beautiful thing from your imagination of The First Christmas. Whatever it is, put it on paper and send it to us. Perhaps we'll have four pages of Christmas next year!

Not that we're a bit apologetic about this month's "Cavalcade Firsts." We're almost as proud of them as their authors ought to be. Priscilla Torsleff's "Night Feeling

for Two" will take you into a snowy December night in a small town. The details that Priscilla has remembered are details you will recognize: the purse that bangs against your coat and sends a shower of snow down your socks; the trees, "dim in a snow fog"; and that exhilarated feeling of wanting to "catch some of the night and take it home to keep."

Details like these, that show *awareness* of the world around you and *perception* of the feelings you have, are what make your writing come alive. When a reader comes across such a detail, he suddenly "connects" with the writer. He is delighted, because he recognizes what the writer is saying. He thinks, "Yes! That's just how it looks!" or "That's just how I feel, too!"

See what other writer-reader "connections" you can find on these pages. Poetry is very often made up of such details. Find the ones that "connect" most effectively with *your* observations. Notice the words Pa-

tricia Underwood uses to describe July: "lush and ripe, tropical, steaming." What feelings does she arouse in you by the sentence, "Fall's fruits were bitter-sweet"? If you read Patricia's poem over, slowly, you will seem to see the personalities of the months, growing fuller and more mature, then—in the glorious mocking burst of autumn—dying. What details *personify* these months, make them really seem like living beings? Do these details "connect" with your sense of sight? sound? touch? smell?

By now, you should be thinking that you, too, could keep your eyes and ears receptive to such details. You, too, could make a description come alive. Fine! That's what we want. And when you're finished writing your story, essay, or poem, send it to us with the entry blank (or a copy) on page 28 of this issue. Don't forget your teacher's signature. Scholastic Writing Awards—and "Cavalcade Firsts"—are waiting for *your* contribution!—THE EDITORS





## THE GLORY ROAD

Illustration by John Grdinich, School of Industrial Art, New York City, won award in 1954 Scholastic Art Awards.

*He was afraid: afraid of the enemy and of the silence; afraid, too, that his own friends doubted him. And were their doubts justified? Would he go through with it? Carl's short short story pulled down an Honorable Mention in the 1954 Writing Awards.*

IF IT hadn't been for the ivory moon that came peering above the dark, densely wooded forest, it would have been impossible to have distinguished any objects before us. This was the night that I had dreaded from the very beginning, but I suppose that every GI who goes out at night to meet the enemy for the first time has a certain feeling of dread deep down inside—no matter how brave and courageous he may appear on the outside. I knew that there would never be another night like this. Not if I lived to be a thousand. The important thing, I kept telling myself, was not to let the other men know that I was frightened. They had all had experience in this kind of military task. But, as for myself, it was my first combat patrol, and I trembled from the anticipation and excitement which was wrought from the terrorizing silence of night and the darkness. I wondered what the other soldiers were thinking about me. Perhaps they hated me because they knew that I was scared, that I might crack and get them all killed.

Suddenly I was startled as someone grasped my arm.

"How's it going, Mac?" It was the Sergeant. "Everything all right?"

"Fine," I replied.

"Got the plan in your head?"

"It's a cinch," I said, wishing I thought so.

Then the Sarge stopped me. "Listen, Mac, we are just as scared as you are. No matter how many times you go out, there's always the feeling that you'll never come back."

The Sergeant knew I was scared. I suppose that's what they're for, to boost your morale when you feel like running in the other direction and never stopping.

"Let's get going."

The Sergeant's abrupt command was a relief. I wondered if this was the time to pray. I did anyhow. Let me do all right, God, that's all.

We were filing down into the valley toward No Man's Land. It was dark. This part was all right. I had been on drill ambush before. Nothing much had happened. But that was kid stuff, compared to this. This was the real thing.

As we entered the valley we were ordered to spread out. Twenty minutes passed. Then thirty. In the distance I could depict moving objects. Maybe it was my imagination. The Sergeant was at my side.

"Stay low, Mac," was his casual, earnest warning.

The rocks and the bushes ahead seemed to be moving. Slowly I lifted the rifle to my shoulder.

"Watch it," the Sergeant hissed.

"Nerves, nerves," I kept repeating over and over to myself.

We were ordered to advance. Rising to my feet, I eased forward into the

depths of the night. My confidence was growing. Nothing had happened and maybe nothing would.

The Sergeant held up his hand and every man froze to the spot. Marty and Jones were ordered to advance. I sighed with relief that I had not been chosen.

Seventy minutes had passed since the two men had disappeared into the darkness. I thought the waiting would never cease. Finally Marty returned. There was a Red ambush a quarter of a mile ahead. The men were deployed over a wide area and slowly we began the advance.

After that, I didn't remember much. There was the ear-cracking and relentless firing of artillery. I remember firing, loading, reloading, running forward, falling, and running back again. Then I saw a man go down. It was one of ours. The man's legs seemed to give way, and he crashed to his knees, gripping his belly, twisting with pain. He tried to get up but he didn't make it. I knew who it was from the very instant he was hit. All along I had been thinking of myself and my own safety. There was no more time for self-benediction and pity. I leaped from the trench into the steady blaze of artillery fire.

I remembered climbing back to the lines of safety with the man clinging to my neck. Suddenly the firing ceased and all was utter silence. I stared into the Sergeant's face, hoping and praying for some sign of life. Slowly, as if visualizing a majestic serenity, the Sergeant opened his eyes.

"You, Mac?" he asked feebly.

"Yes, Sarge, I'm sure glad to see those eyes open."

"Not half as glad as I am, Mac," he replied. "It's funny how things work out, isn't it, Mac?"

"Better get some sleep, Sarge."

"You did okay, Mac, you did okay."



Carl Koller wrote "Glory Road" because he felt that a soldier was a man, like himself—able to be frightened, yet not daring "to expose his fear to the ridicule of others." A versatile senior at Wyoming (Ohio) H. S., Carl works on the school paper, plays the piano, tap dances—and

cooks! A humorous story he wrote about cooking first interested him in writing. Carl hopes for a future in TV.



Pencil silhouette of autumn by Raymond Greabowski, Cass Tech. H. S., Detroit, won place in show, 1954 Art Awards.

Musicians have a name for certain pieces of music that are usually soft, melodic, and of a slow but consistent rhythm. The pieces are called "tone poems." The selection from *The Scholastic Awards* on this page is, in its own way, a "tone poem." See if you can name the tones of each stanza. Perhaps the word sadness will come first to your mind. But look again. Sadness may be sharpened by loneliness, frustration, bitterness—or tempered by acceptance, memory, hope. Patricia Underwood's poetry won an award in the 1954 Scholastic Writing Awards.

## Passing of a Summer

By Patricia Underwood

Bloomington (Ind.) H. S.  
Teacher, Mrs. Sarah Franklin

Why do you wait for me, shrouded in rain,  
Grey ghost of fleeting love, bringing me pain?  
Leave me alone, save for storm clouds above,  
That I may remember the summer of love.

May was a new-born thing, strange to the eye,  
An island between fresh green earth and bright sky.  
June was a phantom, too faery to last.  
Long days were diamond-bright, slipping by fast.

July was lush and ripe, tropical, steaming.  
Summer was warm-lipped, and green fields lay dream-  
ing.

August was saddened, for time was not long.  
Parting was painful; hard arms clasped me strong.

Then came the first chill winds and early frost.  
Fall's fruits were bitter-sweet; Summer was lost.  
Autumn was glorious, leaves orange and red.  
The bright hues were mockery; Summer was dead.

Cold mists swirl round me, wet wraith-like chains.  
My jailer is memory, all that remains.  
For having known Summer, though she is no more,  
I shall never be quite the same as before.

### SCHOLASTIC WRITING AWARDS ENTRY BLANK

DIVISION (Check JUNIOR or SENIOR) JUNIOR DIVISION ☐ SENIOR DIVISION ☐

Student \_\_\_\_\_  
(Must be printed or typed)

Home Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

School \_\_\_\_\_

School Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Teacher \_\_\_\_\_ Principal \_\_\_\_\_  
(Indicate Miss, Mrs., Mr.) (Please print or type)

Student's age on March 1, 1955 \_\_\_\_\_ Grade \_\_\_\_\_

CLASSIFICATION OF ENTRY (Poetry, Short Story, etc.) \_\_\_\_\_

I hereby certify that this is my own original work. (Anyone submitting plagiarized material is liable to prosecution under the law.)

Student's Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Approved, Teacher's Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to: SCHOLASTIC WRITING AWARDS, c/o Literary Cavalcade, 33 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.





## The Love Letters (p. 34)

## I. Quick Quiz

Write the correct answer in the blank space after each of the following questions. Count six points for each. Total: 30.

In the box of "love letters," Ann found:

1. A newspaper account of whose wedding? \_\_\_\_\_
2. A legal document attesting that the mortgage for what had finally been paid off? \_\_\_\_\_
3. How many birth certificates? \_\_\_\_\_
4. A receipt for payments, made for six months after Christmas, for what? \_\_\_\_\_
5. What yellow object pressed in tissue and marked "June"? \_\_\_\_\_

My score \_\_\_\_\_

(Perfect total score: 100)

## Answers in Teacher Edition

## ACROSS

1. Opposite of *nay*.
- \* 4. The carol *O Tannenbaum* means "O Christmas \_\_\_\_\_."
8. One does this to a book.
- \* 10. \_\_\_\_\_ *We Come A-Wasailing*.
- \* 11. From *Deck the Hall* comes the verse "Troll the Ancient Yuletide \_\_\_\_\_."
- \* 12. *Joy to the* (33 across) says "Let \_\_\_\_\_ heart prepare Him room."
14. Skill, craft.
15. Barely piece together, as in "\_\_\_\_\_ out a living."
17. Congress of Industrial Organizations (abbrev.).
- \* 18. The first Noel came to shepherds "In fields where they lay keeping their \_\_\_\_\_."
20. Ireland's famous meat dish: Irish \_\_\_\_\_.
21. Long-Playing (abbrev.).
22. Civil Engineer (abbrev.).
- \* 23. \_\_\_\_\_ the Herald *Angels Sing!*
26. Was asleep.
29. Poem of high moral purpose.
- \* 30. *We three kings of Orient*
31. "Lend an \_\_\_\_\_!"
- \* 33. *Joy to the \_\_\_\_\_!*
35. With mouth wide open.
37. Deeply regretted.
38. Roger Bannister broke a record when he \_\_\_\_\_ at the Empire Games.
39. Breadwinners try to make these meet.
40. Not *no*.

## DOWN

1. "The hopes and fears of all the \_\_\_\_\_ are met in thee tonight."
2. "Peace on \_\_\_\_\_ and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled."
3. Fuss, as in "Much \_\_\_\_\_ About Nothing."
- \* 4. "Oh little town of Bethlehem, How still we (20 down) \_\_\_\_\_ lie."
5. Reverend (abbrev.).
6. Set up, build.
7. Weird, uncanny.
8. Reformed Church in America (abbrev.).
- \* 9. From *Silent Night* comes the line "\_\_\_\_\_ in heavenly (27 down)."
13. Shout of pain.
16. Duty hated by soldiers (abbrev.).
19. Largest member of the deer family.
- \* 20. (See 4 down.)
- \* 22. *It Came Upon the Midnight \_\_\_\_\_*
23. What the Indian asked the gadget man.
- \* 24. "O come let us \_\_\_\_\_ Him."
25. Run again.
26. Senior (abbrev.).
- \* 27. (See 9 down.)
28. Narrow strips of material.
30. Puts two and two together.
32. Communist (slang).
34. A star \_\_\_\_\_ the Wise Men to Bethlehem.
- \* 36. "Don we now our \_\_\_\_\_ apparel."

## II. What Do You Think?

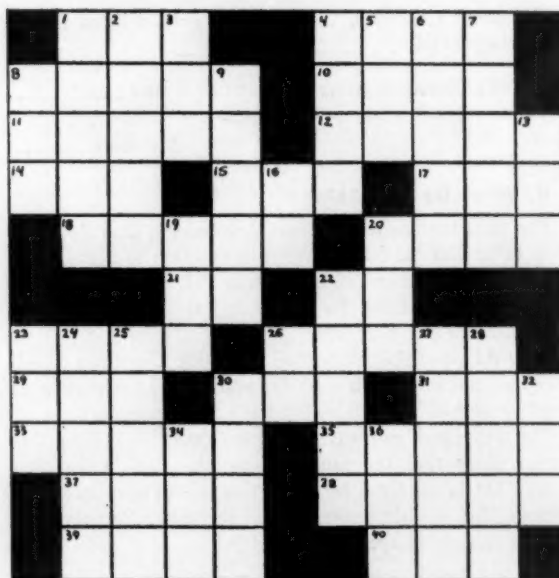
Do you think that John and Ann were different from or very much like most teen-age "steady couples"? Explain your answer, referring to what the story tells us about their attitudes toward their parents.

Would you agree that a teen-ager's greatest conflicts with his (or her) parents are likely to center about the problems of dating? Or can you think of other areas in which conflict develops because teen-agers are beginning to feel and think as adults without yet having acquired the background of experience that would assure their parents that they are capable of sound judgments.

Conceding that an occasional teen-age couple may be ready for marriage, what details in the story suggest that Ann and John were not? What sacrifices, as far as their futures were concerned, would each have had to make? What evidence do we have that each was a little frightened at the idea of accepting the responsibilities of marriage? What did Ann's sister mean when she said "No one has said you *can't* get married, but you think they *should*?" Explain your answer in a paragraph or two.

What was there about the "love letters" that made Ann understand her parents better? How did this help her to see herself and her own relationship with John more clearly? What do you think she was going to tell her parents when she went downstairs?

## SING WE NOEL!



• There are 48 words in this puzzle. The words starred with an asterisk (\*) are all found in popular Christmas carols. Allow yourself 4 points for each starred word (there are 17) and one point for each of the others. Add one bonus point if you get all the starred words right. If you get all the words, plus the bonus, you should have a total score of 100. Answers are on page 29, but don't look now. Wait until you have completed the puzzle. Why spoil your fun?

## Have Fun with Words

### Nose 'Em Out!

The fox-hunters in "The Voice of Bugle Ann" (p. 17) have no interest in killing foxes. What they enjoy is the thrill of the chase—testing the skill of their dogs against the cunning of the fox.

In the same way, we hope that you enjoy "hunting" for words, and that once you've "cornered" a word, you don't murder it!

Let's see how well you can nose out the ten words in this month's vocabulary exercise. All are taken from "The Voice of Bugle Ann." All can be good, usable additions to *your* working vocabulary.

I. Match the words in *Column I* with their correct definitions in *Column II* by placing the letters of the appropriate *Column II* definitions before the number of the *Column I* words. Count five points for each correct answer. Total: 50.

#### Column I

- \_\_\_1. sufferance
- \_\_\_2. resonance
- \_\_\_3. discerning
- \_\_\_4. perverted
- \_\_\_5. wantonly
- \_\_\_6. coteries
- \_\_\_7. essayed
- \_\_\_8. inflection
- \_\_\_9. fetishes
- \_\_\_10. usurped

#### Column II

- a. strong superstitions
- b. small groups
- c. maliciously, recklessly
- d. seized unlawfully
- e. toleration, passive permission
- f. observant, discriminating
- g. abnormally wicked
- h. reverberation, echoing quality
- i. tried, made an effort
- j. change in pitch

My score \_\_\_\_\_

### Put Words to Work

II. First correct any mistakes you have made in Section I. Then insert in the blank spaces in each of the quotations from the story that follow a word from Section I which fits the meaning indicated in parentheses. Count five points for each quotation. Total: 50.

1. "Sheep scampered here and there in distracted little

\_\_\_\_\_." (clusters)

2. "He was a \_\_\_\_\_ man, but in this case he spoke too soon." (perceptive, knowing)

- 3-4. "No man who had married a Camden could be

\_\_\_\_\_ (unnatural, distorted) enough to shoot

a foxhound \_\_\_\_\_ (cruelly, without justification), they thought."

5. "They had many strange \_\_\_\_\_, not the

### Blunder Word

"The second lieutenant loaded the *blunderbusses*, which could throw harpoons to the distance of a mile. . . ."—*20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* (p. 10)

Blunderbuss is one of a number of words that have "blundered" their way into the English language as a result of frequent mispronunciation.

As you can tell from the sentence above, *blunderbuss* is the word for a particular type of gun—a now outmoded short musket which was generally used for close-range firing. Its original Danish name was *donderbus*, from the Danish *donder* (thunder) and *buss* (box). A very descriptive name for a noisy gun!

*Blunder* worked its way into the English version of the Danish word by accident—simply because *blunder* seemed to be the ordinary English word which most closely approximated the Danish *donder*. But once *blunder* had fixed itself in the name for the gun, *blunderbuss* acquired a second meaning. It became a vivid way of describing any stupid, blundering person. And so today you'll hear *blunderbuss* used both as the name for a gun and as an unflattering epithet for someone who makes ignorant blunders.



least of which was never to refer to a foxhound as a 'dog'." (fixed, unreasoning customs)

6. "Her cry soared ahead—high, round, with that queer and brassy \_\_\_\_\_." (vibrating, resounding tone)

7. "Spring Davis had \_\_\_\_\_ the prerogatives of the Sovereign State of Missouri." (taken over forcibly and without right)

- 8-9. "His voice sounded like a youth's voice, breaking as it \_\_\_\_\_ (attempted) the \_\_\_\_\_." (switch in tone)

10. "He had eaten supper at the Davises', and he was beside that fire only by invitation and \_\_\_\_\_." (allowance, rather than enthusiastic consent)

My score \_\_\_\_\_

My total score \_\_\_\_\_

### Answers in Teacher Edition

## Composition Capers

### Where to Begin?

At times this can strike you as a pretty hopeless question! Let's say that you have an idea—a good idea that ought to make a first-rate story. You start to put it down on paper. Then—pause! Such questions as the following begin to present themselves: Should I introduce my characters first? Or should I plunge right into the middle of the situation? Or should something be said right away about the setting of this story?

You know from experience that those opening paragraphs of a story don't just flow off from the tip of your pen. You have to plan them.

### Take Three Tenses

Whatever your story idea, it involves three tenses: past, present, and future. For anything that happens to anyone has roots in the past—action in the present—and meaning for the future.

Let's see how this idea of three tenses applies to "The Love Letters," Maureen Daly's short story on page 34. The story is mainly concerned with the *present*, what is happening to Ann and John, and particularly what Ann herself is going through. In this present tense, Ann struggles with her family and herself, and finally comes up with the new insight and understanding that will guide her actions in the *future*. But these present and future aspects of the story depend upon the *past*—Ann's past relationship with her family and with John, and her own parents' past as she comes to understand it through the "letters."

When Maureen Daly planned this story, she had several choices. She could have begun the story in the past—when Ann and John were first becoming interested in each other, or even before that. Or she could have started the story in the future, letting a grownup, happily married Ann look back reminiscently on this episode from her youth.

Maureen Daly chose instead to begin in the present. The minute we read the first paragraph, we are in the heart of the story situation—present time. And we think you'll agree that for this story, that was a good way to begin.

### How to Decide?

But now let's get back to *your* story idea. How do you go about arranging your tenses in the most effective way?

The first advice we would give is to remember what the poet T. S. Eliot once said in a poem: "In my beginning is my end." The beginning of a story, as well as everything else in it, should point to its end.

This is what Maureen Daly does in the first paragraph of "Love Letters." She doesn't waste time telling us what Ann had on, or how she looked. Instead, she plunges the reader

immediately into the central problem of the story—the problem that will be resolved in the ending. She could have done the same thing if she had started the story in the past or future. The point is to prepare the reader from the outset for the ending which is to come. A short story is short; there's no time for unessential details.

### A Bagful of Tricks

How, for instance, could you organize the following plot?

**Plot:** Ted Akers worships his older brother Jim and has tried to copy him. He looks down on people his own age—including Sally, who has always been more or less his girl friend—as young and unsophisticated in comparison with Jim and his crowd. Ted meets a college friend of Jim's, Tina. He asks Tina to his high school's winter dance, which hurts Sally, though she hides her feelings and dates someone else. Ted feels very self-important at the dance.

During the dance, Tina excuses herself to make a phone call. She is gone some time, and finally Ted comes looking for her. Through the partially open phone booth, he hears her say: "... well, I owed Jim a favor or two, and I knew it would please him if I accepted his little brother's invitation to this dance. And little brother is sweet, but so *young*! I just had to call and tell you how much I'm missing you. Hurry back from that field trip, Bill!"

Ted realizes that he has been making himself foolish. He begins to see the folly of pretending to be older and more sophisticated than he is. He wanders back to the dance, wondering if Sally will dance with him, and if he can explain to her what he has begun to realize.

Here are four possible ways of organizing this story:

1. **Chronological.** This means starting in the past, and describing events in their actual sequence, ending in the present (with perhaps some suggestions of the future). The chronological organization of Ted's story might run as follows: 1. Ted meets Tina. 2. Ted's invitation to Tina, and Sally's hurt feelings. 3. The dance. 4. The telephone call.

2. **Circular.** "Circular" is just one way of describing a type of story organization that begins in the middle of a situation (present tense), "flashing back" occasionally to the past, and then returning to the present. Maureen Daly's "Love Letters" begins in this way. If we were to plan the Ted-story similarly, it might be: 1. The dance (present tense). 2. "Flash back" to Ted's relationship with his brother and with Sally. 3. His invitation to Tina. 4. The telephone call.

3. **Future.** This is a "trick" device that's useful for some kinds of stories. The events in the story are all assumed to have happened long ago, and someone is recalling them from a future point of view. Ted, for example, might be portrayed as a grown businessman—interviewing a young boy for a job. The boy might be pretending to be older and more worldly wise than he is, and this might remind Ted of his own youth—thus leading to a "flash back" to the story of the dance. After Ted had "flashed back" to his youth, you would have to return him to the present, and somehow round off the story involving grown-up Ted and the boy.

Why not outline these approaches for that story we hope you're about to write? Try them all for size, and select the one that seems to fit your idea the best. Happy planning!





# Books . . . for Christmas Giving

Each of the books under the Christmas tree is a world of its own—a world of excitement, romance, laughter, and fascinating people. This list is to help you choose, from the dazzling array of "worlds" in your bookstore, what belongs under your tree. There is something here for everyone—your family and your friends—each book a special way of saying, "Merry Christmas!"

**BANNER IN THE SKY**, by James Ramsey Ullman, Lippincott, \$2.75.

All of you—boys, girls, even your parents—will be thrilled by this story of a boy and of the mountain he was determined to conquer, told by a topnotch writer and explorer. (*Literary Cavalcade's* choice for the January book excerpt.)

**GOOD-BYE, MY LADY**, by James Street, Lippincott, \$3.00.

A warm—but not sentimental—book about a Mississippi swamp boy and the strange, ingenious dog he captures. For all dog-lovers, from nine (if read aloud) to ninety.

**SCIENCE THE SUPER SLEUTH**, by Lynn Poole, McGraw-Hill, \$2.75.

Fascinating description of how crimes are solved in test tubes. Easy, non-technical explanations, clear illustrations, and plenty of specific cases from police records. By the author of "Your Trip Into Space" (*L.C.*, April, 1954).

**LUCKY STARR AND THE OCEANS OF VENUS**, by Paul French (pseudonym of Isaac Asimov), Doubleday, \$2.50.

A story of interplanetary treason for teen-aged space-lovers by the author of "Sally" (*L.C.*, November, 1954).

**PRAY LOVE, REMEMBER**, by Mary Stolz, Harper, \$2.75.

One of teen-agers' favorite writers tells the story of Dody Jenks, who thought that a humdrum life of love, marriage, and raising children was not enough for her.

**VERONICA AT SADLER'S WELLS**, by Lorna Hill, Henry Holt, \$2.75.

Excitement in the world of theatre and dance—for that girl who dreams of life behind the footlights.

**THE LEATHERSTOCKING SAGA**, by James Fenimore Cooper, Pantheon, \$8.50.

The best-loved sections from Cooper's great novels of the pioneer west, telling the story of Natty Bumppo, otherwise known as "Hawkeye," "Pathfinder," or "Deerslayer." For adventure-lovers of all ages, you to Grandpa.

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN: The Prairie Years and The War Years**, by Carl Sandburg, Harcourt Brace, \$7.50.

The cream of Sandburg's magnificent 2-volume biography of Lincoln, condensed and revised by Sandburg himself.

**PRISON AND CHOCOLATE CAKE**, by Nayantara Pandit Sahgal, Knopf, \$3.50.

A warm, understanding, and spirited account of her life as a young girl in India, by Madame Pandit's daughter.

**THE LOVE LETTERS OF PHYLLIS MCGINLEY**, Viking, \$3.00.

The whole family will enjoy this latest collection of chuckles by the queen of light verse.

**THE STARS AT NOON**, by Jacqueline Cochrane, Little Brown, \$4.50.

The world's top woman aviator tells the amazing story of her rise from poverty to fame. An adult autobiography.

**INSIDE NANTUCKET**, by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., Thomas Y. Crowell, \$3.00.

The author of *Cheaper by the Dozen* tells how a young couple decide to run a tourist inn, and how the inn runs them.

**THE JUGGLER OF OUR LADY**, adapted by R. O. Blechman, Henry Holt, \$2.50.

Amusing, wistful little sketches (see page 16) retell a charming Christmas legend. A perfect gift for someone you know with imagination—any age, from your best friend to your great-aunt.

**THE BABY SITTER'S GUIDE**, by Dennis the Menace, Henry Holt, \$1.50.

More Dennis for Dennis fans (who isn't?) "with help on the pictures and spelling by Hank Ketchum and Bob Harmon."

**OUTLAW**, by Ernest Haycox, Pocket Books, \$2.25.

Ten time-tested tales of the tootin' shootin' old west.

**THE SECRET AGENT**, by Joseph Conrad, Anchor Books, \$7.50.

An inexpensive reprint of one of Conrad's most exciting.

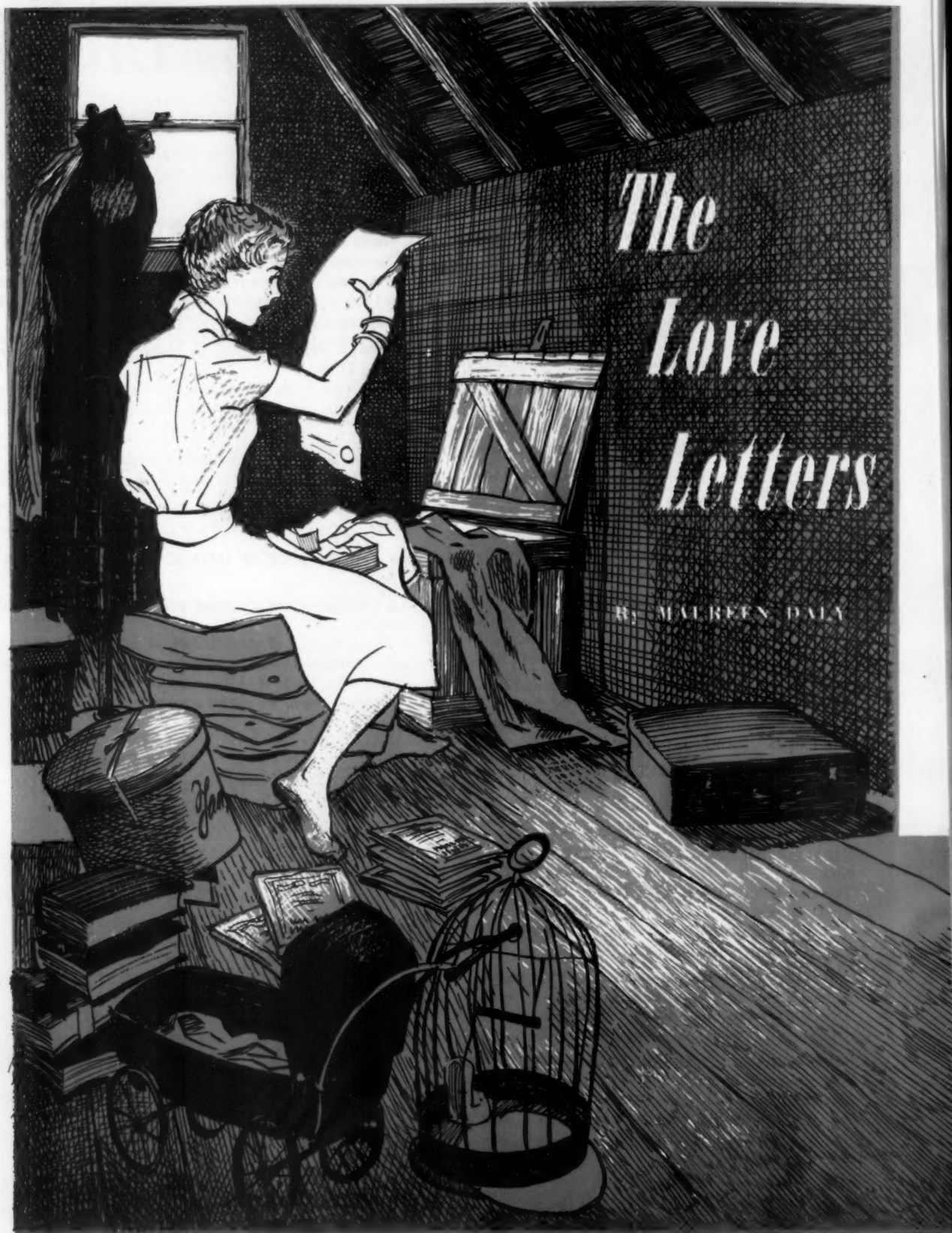
**THE FIRESIDE BOOK OF LOVE SONGS**, Simon & Schuster, \$6.00.

**THE FIRESIDE BOOK OF FOLK SONGS**, Simon & Schuster, \$6.00.

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# *The Love Letters*

BY MAUREEN DALY

*Love was something her parents couldn't understand . . .  
or . . . was it Ann who didn't really understand?*

IN HER heart Ann knew they had talked about it. Some time that morning when she was picking the dahlias for the dining-room table they must have discussed the whole affair. Maybe Mother and Marcia had just changed the subject when she'd come in. Marcia was out of the family now since she'd married Dave but she would have listened, not wanting to take one side or the other, as Mother said, "Marcia, we've got to do something about Ann and John."

That was what her mother was thinking, Ann knew, as she went about the simple, automatic work of a Sunday.

It was Sunday everywhere in the house. In the quiet, neat bedrooms with the white gloves and prayerbooks from morning church still tossed on the bedspreads, in the living room where her father and Dave watched the TV set, their smoke blending into the hazy October sunshine. But the peace was as false as the casualness between her mother and herself that morning.

They were in the kitchen. Ann's sister Marcia was perched on the edge of the table and Mrs. Anderson, a pretty, plump, gray-haired woman, was working with leisurely competence, timing herself to the pace of the meat loaf in the oven and the football broadcast in the living room. Dinnertime and the last referee's whistle would coincide exactly.

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For Ann there was something hateful about all this. As if nothing had happened. It was wrong for her parents to allow Marcia to grow up and fall in love and then pretend everything was different when the same thing happened to Ann. Even though Marcia was 24 to her 17 years, both—she felt strongly—had the right to their own lives.

She could imagine her mother's voice: "They were out until after three this morning, Marcia. It was just an ordinary date, not a dance or party night. And you know the last movie is out by 12 . . ."

That was the way it was in their house. Her father and mother would talk such things over first and then the hints, suggestions and, when necessary, the ultimatums, were delivered later by Mrs. Anderson.

With the chime of the kitchen clock, Ann realized guiltily that John hadn't phoned all day—and it was already so late. That meant that there was trouble at his house, too. In small towns, people talked. His mother and father both knew that he hadn't dated another girl for the last six months, that last night, too, he had been with her. Even at 18, he was still a little afraid of his parents.

It was this that filled Ann with such bitter rage. It was their own business. From the very beginning, almost from the first date, she and John had known this was real. Maybe that was why they'd been so secretive about so many things. For instance, she'd told John that it would probably be a good idea

if he didn't call her at home too often, just so her parents wouldn't get any ideas. It was something she had said without thinking, not quite realizing why she said it at all.

The Andersons always knew when Ann had a big date—the nights John took her to dances at the junior college where he was studying engineering. But they didn't know about the dozens of other times . . . the nights Ann went to the public library to do extra school reports, the visits to girl friends' houses, always with John to drive her home, letting her out of the car half a block from her house. Even when John had asked her to wear his class ring, Ann decided to wear it on a little chain around her neck and her parents never noticed it, or didn't seem to.

They had always been nice to Johnnie; but under their easy, make-yourself-at-home courtesy, Ann felt she sensed a coolness—"You're welcome, but you are no different from any other boy." With elaborate care, Ann had matched their casualness. That way there had been no real need to tell anyone anything at all. No need, at least, until last night.

She and Johnnie had gone to the movie, sitting with the junior-college crowd in the first few rows of the balcony. There was nothing about the movie itself to put Ann and John into the mood they had slipped into. It was about a self-sacrificing governess who had neglected her own love life to care for other people's children and the balcony Berles had been at their funniest in the sob-sister scenes. Ann and John had held hands and couldn't stop themselves from laughing in all the wrong places. Later they'd gone to a hangout near school for a cheeseburger and a milk shake. Wordlessly they had agreed not to ask anyone to share their booth. More and more it was like that lately. All the fellows and girls seemed to realize they wanted to be alone. On every date, no matter how much fun they had, what really counted—more and more—was the time afterward, the time they could spend alone before going home. Last night the feeling of waiting for afterward seemed stronger than ever.

Last night, when John turned his car out toward Willow Road, they had both meant it to be nothing more than the usual "few minutes before we go home" parking. Willow Road was as much a part of every Saturday night date in Melrose as the movies.

There was some privacy, a chance to be alone with each other, and Ann felt the old, tight feeling of excitement in her throat as the car wheels crunched to a stop in the night silence.





But Johnnie had switched on the radio and then slid down till his head rested on the back of the seat, holding her hand lightly and saying nothing at all. He was like this often lately—more serious, more reserved. For over five months now they had gone steady, but neither had mentioned being in love until a few weeks ago. The words had been difficult to say and much more significant than just exchanging class rings.

Once they had been said, there seemed no stopping the rush of feeling that followed. It was overwhelmingly new and strong and Ann felt insistently, often on the verge of tears, that she had a *right* to be this way. Sometimes when she danced with John or when she answered with a calm, impersonal "Well, 'by now," when he whispered, "I love you," over the phone, Ann secretly dared anyone to question her, to suggest that she was too young to feel this way.

**L**AST night, after long minutes of silence, with the music wispy in the background, Johnnie had turned to her to say, "Ann, this is important. I've been thinking about it for a long time. I think you and I ought to get married right away." Then, for nearly an hour after that, they sat close, whispering over the newness of the idea.

In the beginning it was like a game. Each word spoken turned the bare idea into a positive plan. Reassuringly, they began answering each other's questions before they were asked. A small place to live was easy. Even in a town like Melrose there were a few two-room apartments. Ann could cook enough and between both their families they should be able to borrow some furniture to start.

"If I left home I don't see why Mother would want to keep my bedroom set," John had said, and Ann's thoughts had shied away quickly from the too personal memory of her own blue and white room.

"It means, of course, I'd have to quit college," he went on firmly. "I couldn't manage it unless Dad gave me money and I couldn't ask him to do that."

"I wouldn't want you to ask him," Ann had told him fiercely. "We wouldn't have to make it cost a lot of money."

"We couldn't," he answered. "I only get \$25 a week in the summertime. Dad might raise that to \$40 now, but I'm not a skilled workman. I'm just the boss' son," he said lightly, watching her face in the small circle of light from the radio. "He might get so mad he wouldn't even give me a job and I'd have to look somewhere else."



Maureen Daly got her first important spur to a literary career when she was 15 and won a fourth prize in the Scholastic Writing Awards for a short story called "Fifteen." The next year she wrote "Sixteen" while waiting for a telephone call that never came. "Sixteen" pulled down a first prize in the Scholastic Writing Awards that spring (see p. 28 for entry blank for 1955 S. W. A.) and has since been reprinted in many anthologies. While in college Maureen wrote her popular novel *Seventeenth Summer*, and has since been a columnist, editor, and consistently popular short-story writer. She was married in 1946, at 25, and has two children.

"But why?" she asked.

"Well, you know how it is, Ann," he told her. "My folks aren't hard to get along with but they've got a lot of plans for me. I'm the oldest son. As long as I can remember, my father has been pretty set on my going to the university . . ."

Ann had met John's parents only once. His father was a big, muscular man as husky as anyone on his own construction crews and his mother was a tiny woman with short, chic hair who wore tweed skirts and pastel cashmeres as neatly as a girl. It had been the night of the big junior-college spring dance. Johnnie discovered he'd left the tickets at home and they'd gone back for them.

Mrs. Clayton had called her "my dear" and said, "You must make my son bring you home oftener," as they all stood at the front door. Johnnie's father shook her hand then turned quickly to his son with, "Watch that driving, young man. It's a wet night." The Claytons seemed nice people, a little more dressed-up than her own mother and father. But the idea that Johnnie, so strong in all other things, was afraid of them came as new and unpleasant.

When she mentioned that, he had protested, "I'm not afraid, Ann, but they've always . . ."

The first real joy had gone out then and one hour later Johnnie was still explaining in a low patient voice that he meant what he said but these things had to be thought out. His parents were important and so were hers.

He went on explaining that they should each try to talk it over at home soon, whenever the time seemed best, maybe tomorrow. "I'd like to get it said and over with right away. I better tell mine first that I want to quit school—and then explain later about you," he was saying. "Maybe you should get things settled at your house—about getting married, I mean—before I start anything at mine. For you, I think you should tell your parents first that we love each other. Then—when they get over that—tell them we've decided to get married . . ."

The inside of the car seemed small and protected, away from everything, like a bubble hung in space. Ann glanced at her wrist watch, saw it was nearly half-past two and told herself she didn't care. As long as they stayed together, away from everyone, their world was still safe. "I think," John said, "that we should tell them we want to get married in about four months."

"That seems so long," she murmured. Johnnie switched on the car motor. "But you'll try to tell them, won't you?"

Back on her own front steps, he had kissed her lightly and said, "Tell them tomorrow. I'll do what I can with mine—and then give you a call. It's nearly three o'clock, you know. I hope you don't catch it." He kissed her again, softly and with sadness. "I can handle the trouble at our house, baby, but I don't want you to catch it."

Inside, at the bend of the stairs, the grandfather's clock ticked quietly. From the kitchen came the hum of the refrigerator. As she tiptoed to her room, Ann passed her parents' door, carefully closed, all silent within. But it wasn't the silence of a sleeping house. It was the alert silence of people lying awake, not talking, nor moving. Just listening. Waiting for her to come home.

**T**HE next morning the tension had begun. The first 10 minutes downstairs would have been the right time to apologize about the late hours and the rest could come later. But Ann insisted to herself that there was nothing to apologize for—and then it was too late. Over 10-o'clock scrambled eggs and coffee, her parents had talked with her as always, splitting up the Sunday paper. Her father had even teased her a little about the "glamour circles" under her eyes. But no one had mentioned last night. After Marcia and Dave pulled

up in their car for church, the tension had only become worse.

It would be so much easier, so little to ask, Ann told herself, to have one of her parents say the right thing first. Somewhere there must be a mother and father who could have found such words for a daughter: "It seems to me that you and John must be very fond of each other . . ." or more ideal and more impossible to imagine, "Ann, dear, have you two decided when you would like to make definite plans?" A bridge, an adult-to-adult opening, just enough understanding to help her say once and for the first time, "I want to tell you this. I love him."

**I**N THE kitchen Ann scooped the bread-and-butter pickles into a cut-glass dish. The talk had been small and spasmodic, idle Sunday afternoon chatter. Ann noticed then that her mother looked as if she hadn't slept much, either. And suddenly, without real warning, her mother turned to her.

"Ann," she said quietly, "I must talk to you. Your father and I have been very worried about last night. *We both think you are seeing entirely too much of John Clayton.*"

Without a word, Ann turned to push her way through the swinging door into the dining room. In the whole house there was nowhere she could hide but her room which had a door that closed and locked. Inside she threw herself on the bed, not crying, not sulking—just lying stiff with the realization that the worst had happened: They were going to treat her like a child.

They could say, "We think you're seeing too much of John Clayton," at the very moment she needed to tell them she wanted to see him every day of the rest of her life. They could call him "John Clayton" as if there were another John in her life, as if he needed any name at all to mark him as the only important thing in living. She had heard often that a difference in age made barriers to understanding—but this wasn't a difference in age, this was a difference in people, a difference in thinking. This was the thinking of people who weren't trying to understand.

Now she knew for certain what she had suspected for a long time. Her parents were people who could never understand love—anyone's—because they knew no compelling love of their own.

There was a light knock on the door and Ann rose to turn the key, not even bothering to touch the knob before sinking back on the bed. Marcia pushed it open, then let it stand ajar. "If you're going to blow up at me, too, I'll just close it again," she said quietly.

"Who wouldn't blow up?" Ann answered bitterly. "Who could stand to live with such people? Daddy sits there watching football when he *knows* what Mother's going to say. They're like dead people. They don't have any real feeling themselves. They've always been like this, but I had to grow up myself to really see them. But now I *see* them and *hear* them every day. Nothing they do is *important*. Their idea of big excitement is to change around some flower beds on Saturday afternoon. It's horrible to think that they've lived in this house since before I was born, never doing anything, just getting new curtains once in a while or painting something a different color. They live an empty life—and there's nothing they can do about it. It would never occur to them that I might be in love with John . . ." Ann broke off quickly, aware that the quaver in her voice didn't come completely from anger.

"Maybe Dad will never get his life played in the movies by Bing Crosby," said Marcia lightly, "but he always seemed pretty amusing to me. And about this love business—aren't you forgetting Mother's love letters? When you were a little gal you used to think it was very romantic to have a bundle of letters in the attic, all tied with blue ribbon."

**S**INCE they were children, dressing up in old clothes on rainy afternoons and using the attic storeroom as a playroom, the enameled candy box tied with blue ribbon had been called "Mother's love letters" with conviction, though neither girl had ever dared to peek inside. It stayed year after year in the attic, in an old packing case filled with odds and ends.

"You told me once," Marcia said, "that when you started to get letters from boys yourself, you were going to get a box like that."

"You're just trying to laugh me out of something serious," her sister protested, "even though you know I'm

right. I wanted to talk to them today and they wouldn't let me. *You* know how I felt. I wanted to tell them that John and I want to *get* married." Then, when Marcia's face went grave, "We're old enough. We can take care of ourselves. They'd like me to spend the rest of my life just going out on dates without any of it meaning anything." She sat upright. "I doubt that those letters of Mother's were from Father at all. People in love don't live like they live. They must have been written to Mother by someone else!"

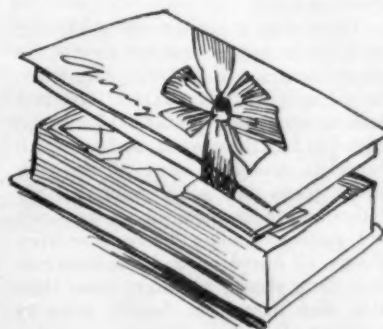
Marcia pushed open the door to leave. Her voice was careful, as if she were trying to cover her anger. "You're saying these things, Ann, because you're upset—and I think you're upset because you know you're wrong. No one has said you *can't* get married but you think they *should*. Love isn't something you two invented last night, you know. You can't take it away from other people just because you're not sure about yourself. If you and John really want to get married, I'll stick by you; but do it because it's what you both want . . . not because you're mad at someone else. Marriage takes more than that."

"By the way," she added lightly. "Why don't you look at those letters if you're so sure they are from someone else?"

The attic wasn't an attic in the true sense of the word, but an unfinished room at the end of the upstairs hall with walls paneled in composition board and uncurtained windows bright that day with fall sunlight.

As Ann shut the door quietly behind her, the room seemed strangely detached and empty, touched with unreality. Sounds from the downstairs part of the house came hollow and far away. She slipped off her moccasins and padded in stocking feet, sending the dust motes darting and circling in the shafts of sun as she moved across the floor.

**T**HE packing case that held the enameled box was piled high on top with old magazines and newspapers. Ann shifted them in dusty piles to the floor. The big lid, held loosely in place by a couple of long, bent nails, creaked back when she lifted it. At the top were two layers of winter blankets, dotted with mothballs, and underneath the folded dark maroon slip covers used on the living-room chairs in the wintertime. These top layers varied with the seasons; the bottom layers of miscellany changed little over the years. Directly below were rolls of hand-painted silk, slitted now with age, that an uncle had brought from China years ago. And there, in the corner of the case where it had been







# Even to Judas

*A Christmas parable* BY HEYWOOD BROWN

*\* No Christmas would be complete without a column by the beloved newspaperman Heywood Brown. Few newspaper columns have sung to the hearts of readers as those he wrote in his thirty years on New York newspapers.*

*The column below was written for Christmas 1938, a Christmas haunted by war. It appeared the day before Christmas and to the author's amazement was read to the country by President Franklin D. Roosevelt in his annual Christmas radio broadcast. Heywood Brown died the following year, but the columns he beat out for his daily stint will remain fresh for many a Christmas.*

WE WERE sitting in a high room above the chapel and although it was Christmas Eve my good friend the dominie seemed curiously troubled. And that was strange, for he was a man extremely sensitive to the festivities of his faith.

The joys and sorrows of Jesus were not to him events of a remote past but more current and living happenings than the headlines in the newspapers. At Christmas he seems actually to hear the voice of the herald angels.

My friend is an old man, and I have known him for many years, but this was the first time the Nativity failed to rouse him to an ecstasy. He admitted to me something was wrong. "Tomorrow," he said, "I must go down into that chapel and preach a Christmas sermon. And I must speak of peace and good-will toward men. I know you think of me as a man too cloistered to be of any use to my community. And I know that our world is one of war and hate and enmity. And you, my young friend, and others keep insisting that before there can be brotherhood there must be the bashing of heads. You are all for

good-will to men, but you want to note very many exceptions. And I am still hoping and praying that in the great love of God the final seal of interdiction\* must not be put on even one. You may laugh at me, but right now I am wondering about how Christmas came to Judas Iscariot."

It is the habit of my friend, when he is troubled by doubts, to reach for the Book, and he did so now. He smiled and said, "Will you assist me in a little experiment? I will close my eyes and you hold out the Bible to me. I will open it at random and run my fingers down a page. You read me the text which I blindly select."

I did as he told me and he happened on the twenty-sixth chapter of St. Matthew and the twenty-fourth verse. I felt sorry for him, for this was no part of the story of the birth of Christ but instead an account of the great betrayal.

"Read what it says," commanded the dominie. And I read: "Then Judas, which betrayed Him, answered and said, 'Master, is it I?' He said unto him, 'Thou hast said.'"

My friend frowned, but then he looked at me in triumph. "My hand is not as steady as it used to be. You should have taken the lower part of my finger and not the top. Read the twenty-seventh verse. It is not an eighth of an inch away. Read what it says." And I read, "And He took the cup and gave thanks and gave it to them, saying, 'Drink ye all of it.'"

"Mark that," cried the old man exultantly. "Not even to Judas, the betrayer, was the wine of life denied. I can preach my Christmas sermon now, and my text will be 'Drink ye all of it.' Good-will toward men means good-will to every last son of God. Peace on earth means peace to Pilate, peace to the thieves on the cross, and peace to poor Iscariot."

I was glad, for he had found Christmas and I saw by his face that once more he heard the voice of the herald angels.

\*disapproval

# Chucklebait



**I**F Dr. Clement Moore had penned "The Night Before Christmas" in the age of radio and television, his royalties might have made those currently being collected by Irving Berlin for *White Christmas* look like small change. Actually, the author of the most famous of all Christmas poems made very little profit on his lines.

Dr. Moore's poem, written in 1822, was not published under his name for more than 20 years after he composed it. A professor of Greek and Oriental literature in a theological seminary, Dr. Moore dashed off his immortal lines on the spur of the moment to read to his children on Christmas Eve. When a friend sent a newspaper a copy of the poem, it immediately delighted readers. When it was reprinted in many other newspapers and magazines, Dr. Moore was greatly alarmed lest it become known that he was the author. He felt it would be undignified for someone of his scholastic standing to be associated with such a jingle.

Today the professor's serious works are forgotten, but his name is preserved in the encyclopedias as the author of "The Night Before Christmas." For it is a poem we can never grow too old to enjoy.

## The Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads  
And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter;  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:

"Now Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer and Vixen!  
On, Comet, on, Cupid; on, Donner and Blitzen!  
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!  
Now, dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,  
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.

And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot!  
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;

His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.  
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,  
That shook, when he laugh'd, like a bowlful of jelly.

He was chubby and plump; a right jolly old elf;  
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.  
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings—then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew, like the down off a thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
"Happy Christmas to all! and to all a good night!"



## Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

sidered "fantastic" in Jules Verne's day, but which have become present-day realities.

2. Have students consult reference books to find out and report on details of Verne's life and career.

### The Voice of Bugle Ann (p. 17)

Most students will read this fast-moving, emotion-packed animal story with great interest. It can therefore be of use to the teacher in encouraging close, analytical reading. Comprehension and discussion questions appear in "Cavalquiz" (p. 29). Additional class discussion and analysis can center about quotations from the story:

1. "Waken, lords and ladies gay, thought Mr. Mayor in his baffled mind. All the jolly chase is here, with . . ." Do you know what the source of this quotation is, and why the foxhunters should remind Mr. Mayor of it? (See below.°)

2. "He began to understand why Spring Davis had been unable to renew his fire insurance policy." Who began to understand? What explanation did this man have in mind to account for Spring's failure to renew his policy?

3. "By July, everybody knew that young Benjy Davis was tarnishing some mysterious code which existed among them all, and which no one of

them could have explained or accounted for. Benjy was keeping company with Jacob Terry's daughter . . ." What "code" was Benjy violating?

4. "Spring Davis had usurped the prerogatives of the Sovereign State of Missouri, and the Sovereign State of Missouri brought that out very pointedly." What prerogatives had Spring Davis usurped?

5. "I hate to see a good, sticky night go to waste. And there ain't any southeast wind." In this quotation, Spring Davis is describing ideal fox-hunting weather. For what reasons is this good weather for the hunt?

Supplementary reading: *The Daughter of Bugle Ann* (fall TAB Club selection), and *Long Remember* (one of the best Civil War novels), both by MacKinlay Kantor.

### "Cavalcade Firsts" (p. 25)

The two prose selections by student-writers invite comparison with two of the regular selections in this month's issue.

In "Night Feeling for Two," Priscilla Torsleff does in her words and in terms of her experience much the same thing that Dylan Thomas does in "Christmas in Wales" (p. 14). Both writers are remembering shining moments—traveling backward in their memories to recapture sights and sensations that have had meaning for them. Ask your students what memories and details they would include in an essay that would recreate a remembered winter of their own. Suggest that they try to write such an essay.

"A Horse of Another Color," like "Champion Stock" (p. 3), is concerned with a boy's desire for a horse of his own. But Mary O'Donnell's short anecdote illustrates what a different treatment can do to the same idea. She treats Johnny's hopes of getting a horse light-heartedly, and concludes with a humorous twist.

Students may be interested in discussing the fact that "The Glory Road" is the one selection that is not based directly on experiences or impressions from the author's own life. In this case, however, Carl Koller's leading character is a boy about his own age. Carl seems to have projected himself into an imagined situation—and to have done so very successfully.

After students have read Patricia Underwood's poem, "Passing of a Summer," ask them to describe their impression of the experience the writer has had.

### The Love Letters (p. 34)

Author Maureen Daly is well-known among teen-age readers, particularly for her novel *Seventeenth Summer*, and

her much-anthologized short story, "Sixteen." (Students may be interested to know that Maureen wrote "Sixteen" as her entry in the Scholastic Writing Awards, when she was still in high school.)

"The Love Letters" is Miss Daly's most recent story. It is primarily the story of Ann, and her rebellion against her parents for what she considers their lack of sympathy toward her relationship with John. But like most of Miss Daly's stories, the story of Ann has a wider application—to all teenagers and to the parents who try to understand them. It might provide the stimulus for panel discussion on "getting along with parents." Members of the class would ask questions of an elected "board of experts."

### Christmas Art and Verse (p. 8)

Outstanding Christmas card designs from this year's crop and verses of perennial appeal usher in the holiday season. Ask students to compose greetings or verses that they think would be appropriate to go on the inside of each of the cards illustrated.

### Note of Explanation

"Papa and the Bomb," by William Iversen, the short story announced for the December *Literary Cavalcade*, has necessarily been omitted from this issue. Add "Papa" to the list of other good things on file for inclusion in future issues!

### Answers to Cavalquiz Questions (pp. 29-32)

Quick Quiz: "Champion Stock": 1-on his watch chain; 2-the horse's cinch broke; 3-pay for half of the dress; 4-\$2; 5-on a mail truck (or delivering packages); 6-a pair of slippers. "The Voice of Bugle Ann": a-3; b-1; c-nothing; d-5; e-2; f-4. "The Love Letters": 1-her sister's; 2-for the house; 3-three; 4-a bicycle; 5-a yellow rose.

Have Fun with Words: I. 1-c; 2-h; 3-f; 4-g; 5-c; 6-b; 7-i; 8-j; 9-a; 10-d. II. 1-coteries; 2-discerning; 3-perverted; 4-wantonly; 5-fetishes; 6-resonance; 7-usurped; 8-essayed; 9-inflection; 10-sufferance.



"Really, John! You'll spoil the boy."

### \*HUNTING SONG

By Sir Walter Scott

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
On the mountain dawns the day;  
All the jolly chase is here,  
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear!  
Hounds are in their couples, yelling,  
Haws are whistling, horns are knelling,  
Merrily, merrily, mingle they:—  
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
The mist has left the mountain gray,  
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,  
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;  
And foresters have busy been,  
To track the buck in thickets green;  
Now we come to chant our lay:—  
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
To the green-wood haste away;  
We can show you where he lies,  
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;  
We can show the marks he made  
When, 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;  
You shall see him brought to bay:—  
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,  
Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,  
Run a course as well as we;  
Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,  
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk:  
Think of this, and rise with day,  
Gentle lords and ladies gay.



# Highlights of This Issue



## Good Reading

### Two Stories

*Short Short Story:* "Champion Stock" (p. 3). About a boy who wanted a black colt more than anything in the world, and a father who understood his son's desire.

*Short Story:* "The Love Letters" (p. 34). Author Maureen Daly's sensitive understanding of teen-age problems, revealed in the story of a girl who felt she was old enough to get married.

### Two Book Excerpts

"20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" (p. 10). An exciting episode from Jules Verne's famous fantasy forming part of an illustrated preview of the forthcoming film based on the novel.

"The Voice of Bugle Ann" (p. 17). The sound of a bugle echoing through the hills, the excitement of the foxhunt, the unforgettable call of the hound whose memory still lingers in a Missouri Valley—MacKinlay Kantor's heart-tugging story of men and dogs.

### A Distinguished Essay

"Christmas in Wales" (p. 14). Dylan Thomas' rich memories of what Christmas meant when he was a boy in a seaport town in Wales.

### Humor

"Baby-Sitter's Guide" (p. 6). Hints to baby-sitters by the terror of the comic strips—Dennis the Menace.

### Book Reviews

"Books for Christmas Giving" (p. 33). In the belief that no Christmas tree is complete without books beneath it, a list to aid selection.

## Original Writing

### Two Essays and Two Poems by High School Writers

"Cavalcade Firsts" (p. 25). A nicely-turned reminiscent essay, a humorous anecdote, and two poems, demonstrating the freshness and imagination of student-writing at its best.

### Suggestions to Young Writers

"Composition Capers" (p. 32). Pointers for young writers—this month, when to start your story.

## Critical Looking

### Christmas Art . . .

Distinguished Christmas card designs . . . on page 8.

### Special Features

"The Juggler of Our Lady" (p. 16). Excerpt from picture-presentation of a charming Christmas legend.